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Berkeley Barb

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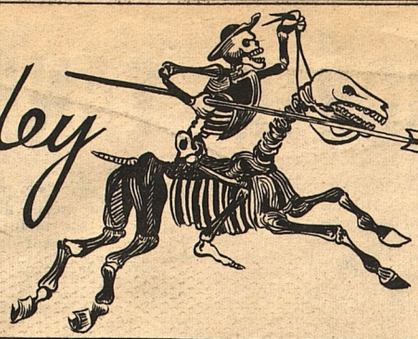
Berkeley Barb



O.V. ZAVALA

Vol. 3, No. 26, Issue 72 (published weekly) Friday, Dec. 30, 1966
2421 Oregon St., Berkeley, Calif. 94705 $5 per year

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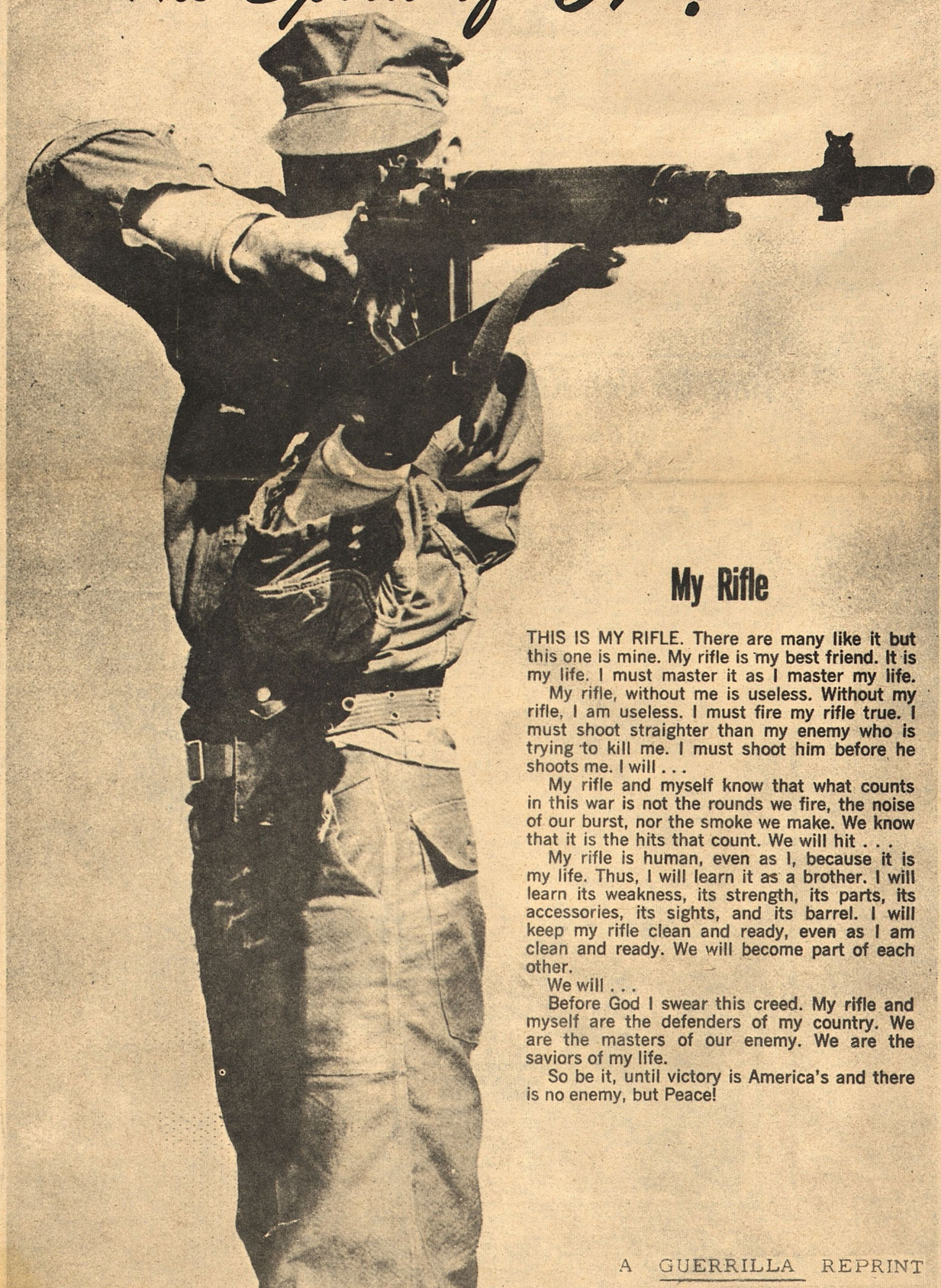
The Spirit of '67?



My Rifle

THIS IS MY RIFLE. There are many like it but this one is mine. My rifle is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I master my life.

My rifle, without me is useless. Without my rifle, I am useless. I must fire my rifle true. I must shoot straighter than my enemy who is trying to kill me. I must shoot him before he shoots me. I will . . .

My rifle and myself know that what counts in this war is not the rounds we fire, the noise of our burst, nor the smoke we make. We know that it is the hits that count. We will hit . . .

My rifle is human, even as I, because it is my life. Thus, I will learn it as a brother. I will learn its weakness, its strength, its parts, its accessories, its sights, and its barrel. I will keep my rifle clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready. We will become part of each other.

We will . . .

Before God I swear this creed. My rifle and myself are the defenders of my country. We are the masters of our enemy. We are the saviors of my life.

So be it, until victory is America's and there is no enemy, but Peace!

A GUERRILLA REPRINT

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HEADIN' NORTH, YANK?

from Satyrday Publications, Toronto by Ron Thody & Andy Mikolasch

Toronto -- as well as most large Canadian cities -- are becoming a haven for youthful Americans who, for reasons of their own, don't want any part of U.S. President Johnson's war on the Vietnamese people.

"It's not that I'm scared to fight . . . I just don't believe in killing people for the phoney cause that our leaders tell us we're fighting for," one U.S. draft - dodger told Satyrday magazine recently. He preferred to remain anonymous because Federal Bureau of Investigation officers, hand -in -hand with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (Canada's FBI), are trying to keep tabs on draft-dodgers.

They are largely unsuccessful. It's difficult to tally the number of draft dodgers living in various parts of Canada, because it is extremely simple to fit in with the society.

It's easy to remain anonymous among Toronto's 2,000,000 people, and even easier for the hipper draft-dodger to melt into the sometimes schizophrenic, sometimes serene, mood of the city's Yorkville Village, an acre of hip madness at the edge of the downtown core.

There are no embarrassing scenes. This is because there is a set of people in the Village who claim to be nothing but people. When someone new happens along, nobody asks irritating questions like who are you, what do you do, where are you from, etc. This is considered very uncool. To be in the village scene, all you need is soul. Artistic pretentions are not necessary. After a very short "waiting period", needed for the villager to ascertain you are not "The Man" masquerading as a hippie, you are accepted.

The Yorkville scene was inherited from the old-time beatniks and bohemians -- many of whom are still around, doing their individual trips -- but now one digs literature or dabbles with paint for its own sake, not in order to make his personality more acceptable to psuedo-beats.

Jobs are easy to get, too. And there are usually no questions asked if you are an American citizen, though it is wise to take out Canadian citizenship papers. It's no trouble at all to apply for a social security card: just say you were born in, say, Winnipeg or Calgary, and have only worked for yourself in the past. Then you're in, baby.

Because of the language, customs and dress, there is no hassle assimilating, providing the U.S. draft-dodger bones up on Canadian politics, economics and geography. And once you've taken out citizenship papers, the U.S. government can't draft you because you've become an immigrant to a foreign country, (although it's more like crossing a state line).

Many U.S. hippies pass through Yorkville and when we hear one with a New York accent claim to be from, say Vancouver, our guess is fairly accurate that he's a draft dodger, but no questions are asked. Accents can be fun. Like, when we hear someone with a Canadian prairie accent, it's often a dead give-away that he's the narco Man.

(Most RCMP members hail from the pairies, where the RCMP acts in a role similar to that of a State Trooper or Highway Patrolman, with the result that most of the force's recruits are from the midwest).

However, accent or not, it's wise to study Canada first and find out as much as you can when you arrive; Things like it's not a land of ice and snow; the people are not British and speak with a North American accent; there are 10 provinces and two territories; the nation is governed by a federal parliament and the provinces (which operate exactly like states) are governed by provincial legislatures.

The head of state is a Prime Minister (presently Lester B. Pearson) and each province has its own premier; Canada is NOT a bloody colony and, despite its symbolic ties with the British Commonwealth, is a completely free and independent nation. (By not knowing a few, simple facts about Canada, the odd draft - dodger has been picked up and spirited back across the border).

There is also no draft in Canada, and you can speak of socialism without fear of some right-wing nut booting you in the balls. Canada has a socialist party -- The New Democratic Party -- which has 21 federal members of parliament and is the official opposition party in British Columbia and Saskatchewan and the polls show it will form the official opposition to Ontario (Canada's most populous province) in the next Ontario provincial election.

The NDP is a democratic socialist party, similar to Britain's Labor Party government and that in Sweden, Denmark, Israel and most enlightened nations. There is also a Communist Party in Canada -- but it hasn't been able to elect a representative since the mid - 1940's.

Canada also trades with the Soviet Union; Communist China; North Vietnam and Cuba, much to the chagrin of Washington.

Another interesting factor for most prospective draft - dodging residents who are reasonably hip is that LSD is legal to possess in Canada. It is only illegal to put out, and then there is merely a fine of convicted. (LSD peddling comes under the Food and Drug Control Act; marijuana and similar goodies are unfortunately under the more oppressive Narcotics Act which provides stiff terms for possession and selling).

Of course, Toronto isn't the only city where a U.S. draft dodger can lose himself.

Many Americans, particularly those who don't like the chilly winters of Toronto (it sometimes gets as cold as zero degrees) head to Vancouver, on the west coast. Vancouver's 1,000,000 people enjoy balmy weather all - year-round because of the Japanese current.

Montreal is also popular. Besides being Canada's largest city (pop. 3,000,000) it is the second largest French - speaking city in the world.

You can get by with English, but it would help to know some French to make the "in" scene.

(Editor's Note: Information on emigration to Canada may be obtained by writing Student Union for Peace Action, 658 Spadina Ave., Toronto 4, Ontario.)

Underground Press Syndicate
the FIFTH ESTATE

How Do You Know You're Not a CO

This week's article is a further discussion of the Seeger decision in which the US Supreme Court widened the concept of religion and the meaning of the words "Supreme Being" as found on Form 150, the Selective Service form for Conscientious Objectors, to mean "a given belief that is sincere and meaningful (that) occupies a place in the life of its possessor parallel to that filled by the orthodox belief in God of one who clearly qualifies for the exemption."

Mr. Justice Clark summed up the facts in Seeger's case as follows: "Seeger was convicted in the District Court for the Southern District of New York of having refused to submit to induction in the Armed Forces. He was originally classified 1-A in 1953 by his local board, but this classification was changed in 1955 to 2-S (student) and he remained in this status until 1958 when he was re-classified 1-A. He first claimed exemption as a conscientious objector in 1957 after successive annual renewals of his student classification.

"Although he did not adopt verbatim the printed Selective Service System form (Form 150), he declared that he was conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form by reason of his 'religious' belief; that he preferred to leave the question as to his belief in a Supreme Being open, 'rather than answer "yes" or "no"'; that his 'skepticism or disbelief in the existence of God' did 'not necessarily mean lack of faith in anything whatsoever'; that his was a 'belief in and devotion to goodness and virtue for their own sakes, and a religious faith in a purely ethical creed.'

. . . He cited such personages as Plato, Aristotle and Spinoza for support of his belief in intellectual and moral integrity 'without belief in God, except in the remotest sense' . . . His belief was found to be sincere, honest, and made in good faith; and his conscientious objection to be based upon individual training and belief, both of which included research in religious and cultural fields.

"Seeger's claim, however, was denied solely because it was not based upon a 'belief in a relation to a Supreme Being' as required by Section 6(j) of the Act. At trial Seeger's counsel admitted that Seeger's belief was not in relation to a Supreme Being as commonly understood, but contended that he was entitled to the exemption because 'under the present law Mr. Seeger's position would also include definitions of religion which have been stated more recently' . . . and could be 'accommodated' under the definition of religious training and belief in the 1948 Act . . .

"He was convicted and the Court of Appeals reversed, holding that the Supreme Being requirement of the section distinguished 'between internally derived and externally compelled beliefs' and was therefore, an 'impermissible classification' under the Due Process Clause of the Fifth Amendment."

Next week: The case of Jakobson.

The Berkeley Draft Information Committee needs you! If you are interested in counselling CO's or being counselled, or would like to help us make films, records and pamphlets on CO, please write BDIC, Box 957, Berkeley, California. If you can't give us your time, give us your money!

Vancouver Bids...

To the Editor:

Many Americans are not aware that emigration to Canada can serve as an alternative to the draft. An American who is classified 1-A, or who had received a notice to report for a physical, or who has received a notice to report for induction, but who is not yet a member of the armed forces, has no more difficulty--formally, at least--in entering, and remaining in Canada, than does any other American. Anyone wishing to emigrate should, however, get information about Canadian immigration policies and practices.

A committee has been formed to give such information to Americans wishing to emigrate and to assist them once they have arrived in Canada.

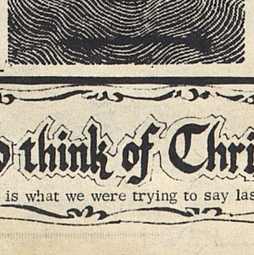
The committee needs money for printing costs and to help emigrants to get the best possible legal status in Canada. Send requests for further information, and any contributions, to the:

Committee to Aid American War Objectors
Box 4231
Vancouver 9, B.C.
Canada.

Sincerely,
Myra Riddell

WAR - Do you really want peace? Find your self - apptitude - personality - etc. Extensive personal Handwriting analysis. Ask questions - Send sample of 10 written and 10 printed words or and $5.00 to Mr. L. James c/o Box 804, Berkeley, Calif. 94701. It is not necessary to use your own name--Just include an addressed envelope. Please note. It takes a great deal of time to do a proper analysis--several hours for each one, in fact--but I have a great deal of time to spend and I enjoy doing it. And, well, there are many "ands"--And I could go on and on. But this is supposed to be an advertisement. And it is much too long now--so I'll just say--I'll get your analysis back to you in approximately seven days. One more thing if you are not satisfied I will return your $5.00. But then I'll know who will want their money back before I send out the analysis--Well anyway the choice will be yours. Thank you . L.J.
P.S. A drawing would also help--abstract, true life, anything. And tell your friends!

DR. TIMOTHY LEARY



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(Berkeley Comm. Th.)
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2135 Broadway, Oak.
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IN A
Psychedelic Celebration

CO-OP MEMBERS VOTE NOW
THE AED CANDIDATE
LAWRENCE L. DUGA
"MAKE THE CO OP A CO OP"

I was trying to think of Christmas the other day and fell asleep --Moe

This is what we were trying to say last week.

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Vigilers' Trial

Cookies 'n' Carols

by Gar Smith

Federal employees trotting briskly to work on a cold Wednesday morning, slowed, gazed and smiled at a line of carolers assembled before the government's glacial Federal Building which looms over San Francisco's Civic Center.

With traditional melodies and homemade cookies, the Port Chicago vigil defendants were greeting the Federal Building staff.

Each cookie proclaimed its message: "Brotherhood," "Charity," "Look to the East," "Vigil for Peace," "War? Hell, No: Love? God, Yes!" and, "Forgive us our Trespasses." Some young servicemen strode by, breaking ranks before the singers to grin and wave. It was three days before Christmas.

At the end of two hours of singing, the carolers entered the building and rode elevators to the 17th floor and to the courtroom where Judge Sweigert would announce his determination on the defendant's request to be granted a jury trial. (In spite of the Constitution a citizen charged with a "petty offense" in a Federal court may be denied a jury trial at the discretion of the presiding judge.)

The previous Wednesday, the Port Chicago Federal defendants had returned to hear Judge Sweigert overrule his own previous objection to the prosecution's case.

Now, a week later, the defendants had gathered for a verdict on their right to jury trial. It could go either way. If the judge was to quash the demand for a jury trial and proceed to hear the case himself, the eleven defendants would well be in jail by that very evening. The defendants waited with sprays of evergreen in their hands and on their collars.

Prosecuting Attorney John Bartko, pushing for a court trial, warned Judge Sweigert that a decision in favor of a jury trial would establish a precedent where none had existed.

"Yes, Mr. Bartko," Sweigert replied crustily, "I am aware of that."

He then ruled that the defendants would have their case heard before a jury of citizens if it was their wish. The case was renumbered and a jury was scheduled to be impaneled for the 4th of January.

Outside the courtroom, Attorney Brotsky wore a radiant smile. From the cookie basket he received a morsel which read, "Don't Quash--Gnosh." To a nearby building gendarme went another two cookies and a fragrant fragment of pine bough. "Thank you very much. Merry Christmas," he replied.

The case of "The United States of America versus Darrow Mead Bishop and Others" was adjourned for the holidays.

The defendants, however, immediately set out for Redwood City to join the all-faith vigil at the gates of the United Technology Plant napalm factory.

At the ceremonies, defendant Bishop, his seminary collar cloaked by the wide lapel of his conservatively dark mod suit, blew a melody from his harmonica to accompany Jim Byfield's guitar as Quakers and Catholics--Priests and Sisters--Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists and Vietnamese - American Buddhist Nguyen Van Luy, closed the service by singing Dylan's "Blowin' in the Wind."

Plant officials accepted pine boughs from Bishop as a symbolic olive tree was planted outside the plant by the clergymen. Before the tree a wooden plaque reminded, "They are our brothers whom we kill."

Beyond the shimmering leaves, unable to see the sign, the UTC workers turned away from the concluded service and resumed the loading of the deadly napalm.

New Year's Whale Set To Top Diggers' Noel

by Silenus

Sunday, at 2 p.m., the Diggers will host a New Year's Day Whale in the Panhandle at Oak/Ashbury.

The Hell's Angels will co-host the celebration as a thank-you to the New Haightians for coming through with bail for two Angels busted during the Birth of the Haight on December 17.

John Handy's quintet and the Grateful Dead are slated to be the feature entertainment of the afternoon.

It should be quite a switch from Christmas Eve when Andrew Juvinall, pastor or the Hamilton Methodist Church, regaled a hippie congregation with tales of Jesus Christ, "the outcast beatnik," and his travails during the opening years of the Common Era.

After chasing from the altar one of his new parishioners who got emotionally involved with the organ music and the chapel atmosphere, Pastor Juvinall invited the unfamiliar faces before him to attend his services regularly.

He also extended greetings to the New Haightians from several other churches in the area, including Howard Presbyterian and St. Agnes.

(It had been bruited about that the bishop of St. Agnes is in large part responsible for instigating the continuous police harassment in the Haight-Ashbury. And that this same bishop whispered into the ear of one-fifth of the San Francisco Board of Permit Appeals and told that ear to vote against allowing Moe's Books to open on Haight St. because "we don't wish to open any further facilities for that element.")

In the middle of the pastor's opening remarks, a tall husky man stood up and called to Juvinall:

"You didn't have to make him cry. . .Why didn't you let him stay there and sing?"

As he strode angrily toward the exit, the man stopped and turned to face the pastor one last time "Jesus didn't make any one cry!" he shouted emotionally, his arm outstretched and quivering as he pointed an accusing finger at the man in the black, holy garb.

And then he was out the door and gone.

Pastor Juvinall took a deep breath and told the congregation that he had asked the volunteer singer to return some other time, but that the Christmas Eve candle light service had to get under way.

From the audience there arose a general murmur of dissatisfaction with the answer. About eight people stood up and walked out.

During the rest of the service individuals and groups continued to quit the chapel.

Some were girls with tears in their eyes. Others were scoffers who figured they'd give the service a try upon the urging of acting secton Howard A. Rochford Jr., who started the whole "Xmas Eve for Hippies" affair.

Rochford had contacted the Diggers at the Free Frame and told them he had the pastor's blessings and the pastor's check for a couple of turkeys.

"Then I started begging more foodstuff from local merchants," said Rochford.

Seven turkeys and all the fixings were served to more than 500 people that night.

Labor was supplied by the Diggers and friends, with Rochford supervising the kitchen and clean-up operations.

After the meal, and before the candle light service, some wild dancing and instrumentals took place in the choir-practice room.

Haight Street merchants and general pedestrians joined a band made up of guitar, drums, sax and bongos. The percussion section grew to include spoons-on-bottles, hands-on-walls and the crinkle of two turned-around collars on a couple of local priests who were rubbernecking from the edge of the dance floor.

When the service concluded, Rochford was overheard talking to a couple of young, regular parishioners:

"You should have seen them before," he said, as they watched the congregation of about 200 New Haightians file out with lighted candles.

Then Rochford related a couple of anecdotes about how he had maintained order during the early part of the evening.

"Only three regular members of the congregation knew what was to take place here tonight," Rochford said.

One of those regulars showed up during the meal and polled the revelers as to how they were enjoying the party.

"Wait until you see what we have in store for you on New Year's," the lady Methodist

see p. 9

Coop Election Fight Fierce But Fistless

Words are getting hotter as the Co-op Board of Directors elections begin.

Supporters of the "majority" candidates are accusing their opponents of threatening "the very existence of our Co-op." Dissident candidates, nominated by petition, charge that the present Board majority views "cooperation" as total agreement with ineffective Board policies.

A leaflet distrubuted by the "Committee for Cooperation" endorses three candidates who have previously served on the Board of Directors--David Bortin, Ann Dorst, and Clint White.

The leaflet states, "For the past year or more, some of the petition candidates have: campaigned to divide the membership; shown open contempt for democratic channels; harassed management and the Board continuously; subordinated consumer values to special interests."

Seven signers of the leaflet are or were Board members. One signer is the present Chairman of the Board, George G. Little.

BARB asked him what petition candidates the leaflet referred to. "Bob Treuhaft, Ray Thompson to a lesser degree, Larry Duga, and Herb Adler," he replied.

Asked for an instance of the "campaign to divide the membership," Little said, "I don't know if I can immediately think of a particular instance, but in every case where management could be needled, they needled them. One example of their blowing something far out of proportion to its significance is the Castro Valley operation. We've been working on this kind of problem all along."

"Sure," candidate Larry Duga later commented, "that's why we lost a half-million dollars there in four years."

Co-op President Little cited the recent Berkeley foodstore boycott, which included the Co-op, as an example of "open contempt for democratic channels."

The leaflet he signed says, "They (petition candidates) have openly urged BOYCOTT of our Co-op centers."

"That's a lie," petition candidate Ray Thompson told BARB. Candidate Duga too characterized the leaflet statement as "an out and out lie." They noted that

see p. 9

Any Links Missing?

(The following chain letter has come to the attention of The BARB.)

THE 22nd OF NOVEMBER BROTHERHOOD

A movement of men and women united for one purpose and one purpose only, to avenge the murder of the President of the United States.

WE DEMAND a public Congressional investigation to determine who really killed John Fitzgerald Kennedy, and who are the men who have protected the murderers. WE DEMAND the arrest and trial of every single member of our government or its agencies who by carelessness, incompetence or complicity assisted these murderers. WE DEMAND the truth, and we demand justice.

WE CALL upon our fellow Americans to join us in this mass movement to force our government to tell us the truth, to name the murderers, to name their friends and protectors. WE SAY until this scum is brought to justice, no American is safe, no American is free, and all Americans are hopelessly shamed and dishonored.

THE 22nd OF NOVEMBER BROTHERHOOD has no dues or fees, no lists of membership, no self-appointed leaders or political ties. We are anonymous for personal safety and to show our sincerity. We are simply men and women who feel that we can no longer bear this shame, who feel that we must know the truth, who feel that the murderers of our President must not go free. If you feel as we do, if you are sick and tired of your personal shame and dishonor, then we ask you to join us.

You become a member of the Brotherhood by copying this letter and passing it along to your relatives, friends and acquaintances, to your Congressmen and local news media. Every letter passed along brings us one step closer to regaining our national honor. Help us to force these murderers out of public office and into prison where they belong.

SDS Workshops

Unitarian Fellowship
1924 Cedar, Berkeley

Friday, December 30, 1966

10:00 am. Educational Changes; High Schools; Jr. Colleges; Electoral Politics; Student Power; Students as a Class; Economy of the University; Military; Catalysts; White Radicals & Blacks; Professionals.

Friday, December 30, 1966
2:00 pm. Educational Changes; Jr. Colleges; Electoral Politics; Student Power; Students as a Class; Economy of the University; Military; Catalysts; Professionals; Syndicalism.

Saturday, December 31, 1966
10:00 am. Educational Changes; High Schools; Student Power; Students as a Class; Military; Catalysts; White Radicals & Blacks;

A workshop on "Hippies" is planned but the time was not known as BARB goes to press.

Mods' Mood Sad; Mayor Not Even Hep

Oakland city council Thursday blocked what little chance of life exists amongst the boarded - up stores on Broadway by refusing clothing merchant Harold M. Siegel's "Mood Shops" to allow rock and roll groups to play in his stores. This in the "dead" center of town.

As BARB went to press this week, over fifty teenagers picketed the City Hall in protest over the use of thirteen year old ordinance against "noise."

Reuben Paul, leader of 'The Epics' said, "I guess Mayor Reading was never a kid." Picket sign read: "Would Reading Ban The Charleston?"

This progressive mayor of Oakland told the city council, "It is not that we are condemning this type of music, although I am very happy to do so."

Said Siegel to BARB: "My store at 11th & Broadway was vacant for over four years, along with the rest of them; these kids and bands bring life and business to the community."

He said he could "keep the bands" if he spends money "to soundproof the doors."

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THE FOLK SCENE

by Ed Denson

Ready for Redding?

When I saw the billing on the first posters, and heard rumors of it from friends I began to feel excited. Otis Redding at the Fillmore, Otis Redding the spade who took Satisfaction and verified it, coming with his 14-piece orchestra.

What would it be? I had read in the Urban Blues about the Bobbie Bland show, I had seen Muddy Waters and talked to people about Bo Diddley. I must have some idea what was going to go down, and what it would mean, but all I drew was a blank.

That evening the hall was crowded, mostly a white audience, altho people told me there were more spades other nights, and everyone seemed to feel that something was going to happen, something real.

At the start of the Redding show most of his 14-piece orchestra was standing across the stage; guitar, bass, organ, drums, saxes, trumpets. They were lined up as if at a shooting gallery, looking glum. The bandleader raised his sax and brought it down sharply and the evening was on -- with a warm-up instrumental for dancing.

If this had been a rock band this piece would have allowed the instrumentalists, especially the guitarists, to take long solos and show off -- nothing of the sort was intended by this orchestra; they built the evening in another manner altogether. There was no lead instrument, there were no solos -- the band for all practical matters did not exist for the entire evening. Its purpose was to provide a smooth backdrop for whoever was acting on the front section of the stage. If anyone there could play outside of the really simple arrangements, we never found out.

Another sharp lifting of the sax, a bring down, another and the piece was over. The bandleader stepped forward with a carried mike and announced quickly the next act -- a singer. His name was lost in the Fillmore sound system, the noise of the crowd, and the rush of the bandleader. He took the front center of the stage and began singing songs, some of which I recognized from the R&B hit parade -- his singing was bland as most spade pop singing is in these days of emerging middle classness, but his body was alive in seven directions.

He wept and wailed, he paced around the stage, he fell to his knees, just as the Wolf had done at Newport, and finally he staggered up from his knees, lurched for a few steps, and rolled over backwards.

"Do it, wow, look at him, do it" yelled the chick almost knocking me off the table we were standing on. I never heard most of the words he was singing, but like a religious service a certain subject seemed appropriate at certain parts of his act and I managed to fit the phrases I heard into that framework.

He exited quickly, and like a man who knows he will inherit a million dollars as soon as the show is over. The mc stepped out and announced the next act, a quartet. One stood a little to the right of stage center -- he was the lead singer. The others gathered in a half moon about the other mike and danced for the entire time, occasionally vestigailly singing a obbyshoupwopbip for emphasis.

The dancing was out of sight -- the closest thing to an interpretive folk-dance ballet I've seen. They weren't very together on it, needing practice I imagine, or they were more subtle than my mind at that moment, but they sure were doing some wierd stuff in patterns, in sequence, together with the lead singer, apart from him, agreeing with him, counterpoint . . . During the first act they were all in red, during the second, in blue. Backstage I heard one of them mention that he had almost gone on with the wrong colored garment, which would have gotten him fined.

Then, I believe, came Otis Redding. Bill Graham stepped from the wings of the stage and introduced him, the mc looked excited, and on he came. He really looked good, healthy happy honest clean friendly sincere. All the way thru the set he never stopped smiling, and he must have lost ten pounds from the dancing.

It was really out of sight. For his numbers only the entire band played, giving the sound much more solidity, to insure that you knew that the man was on the scene. The show, altho it may not be apparent from my tripping out, was designed so that it reached a high point when Otis came on stage, and a finale when he left. He was the center of attention, the controller, the man, and there was no doubt of it.

I couldn't hear anything he sang, but I was really excited, and the whole audience was breaking into applause and cheering when he stopped for a second between songs. He did the whole thing, having the audience sing along on Satisfaction (a song that one of us failed to understand, probably him) having the members of the band sing individually, about one word each, dancing back and forth on the stage, having the brass stand behind him at one point -- it was marvelous. The chick got off the table tho.

The final song was Satisfaction, and it lasted a long time because of the soul section which consisted of various people singing "Barefootin" for some reason. Perhaps it was an obscure social comment on the economic level of the Negro. He really took the audience, they were his, the show was his, the evening was his.

* * *

Now if it sounded to you like I was ambivalent during that piece it is because I was. I don't quite understand Otis Redding and his show. I fail to see what it means, altho I have been bothered by it for days. Part of it must have been designed to be entertainment, like a TV show. The dancing was too stylized to be any spontaneous expression of emotion, yet it is hard to believe that it did not serve some purpose close to that since it was obviously deliberate.

Evidently there are two ways of expressing truth on the stage -- one which Muddy Waters and today's rock band attempt, which is "soul"; and one which Otis Redding, and the bands from New York, like the Youngbloods, attempt, which is style.

White music is in the process of moving from style to soul, and black music is making the opposite transition. The only successful fusion of the two I have seen was the Sparrows, who were on the bill with the Youngbloods at the Avalon a little while ago.

They opened with the most drug song I ever saw, called the Pusher. It started with a long slow languid driving section of instrumentals to which the lead guitar danced slowly, moving his whole body. The vocalist sang in the traditional hard guy with a hard on tough white style, his face impassive, shades, and his hands in his belt while his hips slowly ground around. He was able to project an astounding amount of emotion, in keeping with his tough exterior, and it seemed that he wrote the song, or it seemed that he was stating it right there. GOD DAMN the PUSHER MAN.

It was a really down message, unfortunate I guess, but powerful. White urban blues, after all these years, it arrived. Luckily for the Youngbloods the group really, like the Yardbirds, had only one basic sound, one feeling, and it couldn't sustain interest at the incredible peak of the first song for the entire set.

The Youngbloods are if anything over-arranged. There is no place left for them to live before you in their music, all of it has been figured out and set forth, I think. Certainly Jesse Colin Young did not manage to achieve the emotion that he was pushing for, Banana played out of tune but spontaneously when he got the guitar lead. Jerry Corbett did some beautiful things on the guitar, but the group fell flat for me -- I really miss the soul, the improvization, the feeling that I could watch twice and see something each time. I missed that with Otis Redding also. Night.

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AVALANCHE

The poetry in "Avalanche 2" is direct and, at times, rough. Most of it is "unprofessional" and unpolished.

If you are a poet, you can learn a lot from small journals like "Avalanche"; if you are not, you can gain insight into both the making of poetry and poets -- and the state of the world today.

"Avalanche" is the latest magazine to come out of the Shakespeare & Co. Sunday poetry readings.

There are promising poets in "Avalanche." In fact, there is an abundance of good ideas and vivid images: the "pebble dreams/ of colored sand" of John Thompson; "christ/is a moviescreen/ all/human existence/passes across his flesh/ in 2 dimensional colors/and very poor focus" from 13 (1966) by Geoffrey Bowman; and the question "if death is so fearful/ then life must be/good?" from a poem by Charles Bukowski.

Despite such imaginative efforts, most of the poems in "Avalanche" fail to come off. They simply do not jell as poems -- as units of expression.

Why?

Well, one could catalogue the vices of young poets in general -- and "Avalanche" poets in particular. Among these traps are an addiction to keyboard tricks, a dependence on multiple-line sentences to maintain the pace of the poem, and images that do not really build on one another, no matter how vivid they may be.

But there is a deeper reason why young poets are good in flashes but not consistently. The poet today is necessarily a poet of protest, for he is by definition a sensitive person -- in a brutal world.

Poets today concentrate on the spirit of writing poetry and neglect the technique simply because the world they live in has gone technique-crazy. In a world society of narrow-minded specialists in which each is concerned only with the petty problems of his particular "trade," the poet cannot help but revolt -- and he revolts by seeking wholeness, by seeking a total identity.

To concentrate on the technical aspect of poetry is unthinkable -- even to consider poetry as a "trade" -- rather than as a religion -- is considered sacrilege.

This development is both good and bad: it creates the potential for a true religious poetry of the 20th century (the precursors of that poetry are alive today), but it scares off many people who might listen to the poets if their work were more carefully constructed.

There is, by the way, one very good poem in "Avalanche": "Porches and Closets," by Michael Upton. "Porches" has two of the three above mentioned shortcomings, but it still emerges as a powerful, even haunting, poem.

"Begin a year or two ago." This powerful beginning is given more emphasis by repetition later in the poem. Why is it that one doesn't feel let down because the phrase is never entirely explained?

"AVALANCHE" costs 50¢ - You can buy it on the Avenue or from 1800 Acton St., Berkeley 2.

- C.W.

FILMS

A Touch For Anger

by Tom Luddy

Kenneth Anger is widely recognized as America's leading independent film-maker, and like so many avant-garde masters before him, he does not have the means to practice his art.

Despite the countless awards and boundless praise heaped upon him and his work from Leipzig to Los Angeles, he finds it difficult enough to live much less to make more films, something that costs money -- and lots of it.

Though not very much--really--especially in comparison to what it costs to make a commercial picture. All Kenneth Anger wants to make a companion picture to "Scorpio Rising" -- this time a portrait of the "hippy scene" in California (working title "Lucifer Rising") -- is $20,000. Does anyone out there want to produce a masterpiece? Anger's never made a film that wasn't at least a small gem (like "Eaux d'Artifice") or a perfect visual poem (like "Fireworks"), and in two cases he's worked "miracles" -- the ecstatic "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome" and the truly uncanny "Scorpio Rising."

If anyone wants to produce something "bigger," Kenneth Anger is also looking for backing for a picture on Flying Saucers. Interested parties may write to Anger c/o The BARB.

But in the absence of an "angel," I propose that the readers of the BARB and the huge audience that always attends Anger's films in Berkely, collectively produce Kenneth's next film -- and I'm not kidding.

The next Anger program -- featuring the brilliant new "Sacred Mushroom Edition" of "Pleasure Dome" and, of course, Anger himself -- will be in Pauley Ballroom on Thursday, Jan. 5. Hopefully, this showing of all his films will raise some money, but nowhere near enough.

The mechanics of raising funds through contributions and subscriptions have yet to be worked out, but Anger is very interested in this idea (for lack of any other hope but also because he knows that the Berkeley audiences which in the past have flocked to his programs are quite special -- the "few" to whom he has dedicated his supreme accomplishment, the new "Pleasure Dome") and you will hear more of it, both in the BARB and at next Thursday's "Anger Magick Lantern Cycle" presentation.

****

Re - seeing Chabrol's "Les Bonnes Femmes" (reviewed in last week's BARB) has doubly confirmed my first impressions. This film -- playing one more week at The Surf -- is as delightful as it is grotesque, as poignant as it is devastating. An unsung masterwork that should not be missed.

The Alley
NEW AND IMPROVED
DRESSES
LEATHERS
SUEDES, ETC
BEHIND THE FORUM 11 TO 5

A BUTTON SLOGAN CONTEST PRIZES! PRIZES! PRIZES!

For those who weren't happy with last weeks' prizes, here are more:

1. *BARB is paying for this correction: Out size lapels accepted -- not excepted.*
2. *One dozen Synanon pens.*
3. *One month's supply of chicken fat.*
4. *Three year run of National Geographic with maps.*
5. *Submit photograph with entry and have chance to win (Dirty Old Man of the Year) award. Remember you don't have to be old to win, only look beat up.*
6. *Read all day at the comic book stand of your choice without harassment.*
7. *One of my reject Christmas presents.*
8. *A Kingston Trio record.*
9. *A choice of salads at the Med.*
10. *First person to pull the first lever of the world's first button dispensing machine.*
11. *The most dog-eared print at Print Mint.*

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DID JESUS TURN ON?

What are "The Secrets of the Extinguished Fountain"?

by Thaddeus and Rita Ashby

(Last week, in Part I, the authors showed evidence supporting four major theses: (1) that plants producing psychedelic experiences were referred to in The Bible; (2) that The Bible describes many events which could have been inspired by psychedelic plants; (3) that some of these events can also be explained as psychedelic experiences resulting from sensory deprivation in the wilderness; (4) that psychedelic plants were used in Biblical times for religious purposes.) Bibliography and notes available on mailed request.

Jesus Christ may have been given drugs quite early in life: -- the first Christmas gift, among other gifts the Magi gave, was myrrh! myrrh. . .1. A gummy resinous exudation from several species of Commiphora. . .(three kinds are mentioned). A third is from the same plant as the balm of Gilead. . .These plants are found in parts of Arabia and eastern Africa. Myrrh is an astringent tonic. It is also used for incense, perfumery, etc. the same as Laudanum (a tincture of opium).

They (the wise men) saw the young child with Mary his mother, and . . . presented unto him gifts; gold and frankincense, and myrrh (Mat. ii. 11.)

The Century Dictionary.

If the myrrh given to Jesus were an opiate, we are happy with the thought that Our Lord, may have "graduated" from opiates to psychedelics.

In sum, if our Ontology includes psychedelic revelation, we may feel that we are somehow recapitulating the Phylogenetic experience of the human race, regarding such places, or mental processes as Heaven and Heil, Eden, Atlantis, Nirvana, Samadhi, Satori, Paradise-all of which mankind has frequently experienced, shortly after the ingestion of specific sacred substances; we are now rediscovering them, re-experiencing them -- and re-calling them psychedelics:--

Peyotle was sacred to the Aztecs; "magic mushrooms" to Zapotecs, Mazatecs, Mayans, etc. etc.; the Coca to the Incas; Nepenthe was praised by Homer as the potent destroyer; for the Greeks, in addition to Nepenthe, and Ambrosia, Lotos, or Laurel (20); for the Hindus, Soma, "the best of gladdeners"; "The Hemp plant with its potent resin Charas was described by the sages of India as the 'delight giver,' " Robert de Ropp notes in Drugs and the Mind.

For the Jews and the Christians, unknown fruits, mushrooms, herbs, wild honey, perhaps gathered of a blooming cactus, a Morning Glory, or even a rose. Or myrrh. Or balm of Gilead. Or manna from Heaven.

One authority suggests that "manna" may have been "magic mushrooms". Another, that Yoga developed after the Indians lost Soma -- to get them to "the same place." As Aldous Huxley said in Visionary Experience, Philippe de Felice's thesis may be valid--we don't know. If we may entertain it, then we may also entertain:

(a) A new interpretation of the complaint that we may indeed have strayed from the spirit of the original teachings; -- and
(b) that our salvation may depend upon returning to the method of subjectively experiencing visions of God, visions which perhaps inspired the original revelations of our traditions.

Speaking of the psychedelics as "salvation" is common among members of the intellectual underground, where some go so far as to assert that "we are in a race between the H-Bomb and the Peace Pill!"

We may at least take notice of the fact that Western religions are shot through with a strong undercurrent of alchemy. ". . . alchemy would thus be originally the art of extracting juices from plants for medicinal purposes." (--The Century Dictionary.)

Comparing, say, Jacob Boehme's alchemic visions with psychedelic visions, we see no essential difference. A number of modern authorities have noticed their similarities (Cf. Psychedelic Review 1964 -- '66).

Though the following has been taken for allegory, we find when we interpret it literally that it fitly describes individual reactions to LSD:

Then came St. Francis to give the chalice of life to his brothers. And he gave it first to Brother John of Parma: who, taking it, drank it all in haste, devoutly; and straightway he became all shining like the sun. And after him St. Francis gave it to all other brothers in order: and there were but few among them that took it with due reverence and devotion and drank it all. Those that took it devoutly and drank it all, became straightway shining like the sun. But those that spilled it all and took it not devoutly, became black and dark, and misshapen and horrible to see; but those that drank part and spilled part, became partly shining and partly dark, and more so or less so according to the measure of their drinking or spilling. But the aforesaid Brother John was resplendent above all the rest; the which had more completely drunk the chalice of life, whereby he had the more deeply gazed into the abyss of the infinite light divine" (Fioretti, XIVIii).

Apparently many alchemic medicines, potions, philtres, tonics, elixirs, were psychedelic in effect. When Parry Bivens, M.D., synthesized mescaline, he gave some to Aldous Huxley, who commented:

"This is the true alchemy. It turns lead souls to gold".

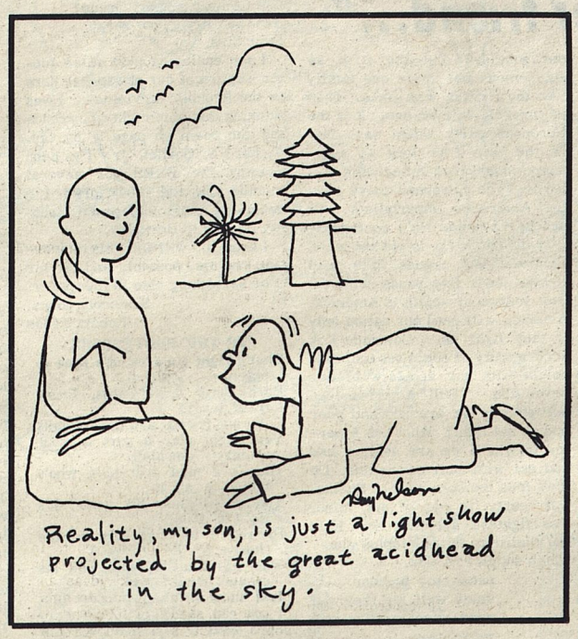
We may accept tentatively that: --Psychedelic or alchemic enlightenment may have supplied the mystic heart of Western religion with its life blood. And now perhaps, may be made to do so again.

QUESTION: Are you saying that Judaism and Christianity were originally nothing but drug--or rather "meta-drug" visions, or enlightened?

ANSWER: First: In no branch of religion, art or science, has the "nothing but" method proved successful in recent decades. That said, we admit that a learned anthropologist has suggested this thesis, which we have chosen as our theme to improvise upon. But we shall go farther, and predict (rashly, of course) that a scientific religion of the near future will say that all visions, indeed, all enlightenment, may be chemically inspired--or triggered by the spontaneous production of an LSD-like substance in the body; say, something like seratonin, or a by-product of adrenalin such as adrenochrome--or, like tryptamine.

Thus, our future scientific religion may confirm recent experimental work which seems to indicate that such an LSD-like substance indeed does appear naturally in the brains of mammals, with a higher concentration in primates. By the device of extrapolation, we may suggest that all of us primates are right now operating on "natural" LSD--at dosages higher or lower, depending on how much of this enlightening chemical substance our individual brains are at this moment spontaneously manufacturing. This speculation opens wide vistas.

What if every creative moment in history, including right now, were triggered by this spontaneous production of natural LSD in our brains? Let us entertain these stories linking religion to psychedelic bio-chemistry: --The saints and mystics, such as Jesus, were born generously endowed with LSD- producing brain tissue, possibly located in the pineal body. Lesser lights were either born with an LSD-deficiency--or they submitted more easily to that cultural conditioning which dries up, discourages, atrophies or calcifies our natural well-springs of LSD.



This speculation could change the argument over whether we should "turn on"--or should we (more virtuously) make it through life without the help of LSD? The choice may be more simply put: one cannot avoid LSD, if one's own brain is now manufacturing it. One may only decrease the dosage. Or increase it. A natural bodily process, the manufacture and use of LSD in your brain would appear to be more easily prohibited than prevented. Thus, we may answer the question: Did Jesus Turn On?

We may interpret Jesue on the one hand as being naturally or divinely "turned on in front" at birth. On the other hand this would not have discouraged Him from "turning on artificially" by eating a (for Him)--equally natural and divine LSD: - That manufactured by plants and flowers. These are by no means mutually exclusive alternatives. "To him that hath, it shall be added."

If Jesus had a superior endowment of "natural" LSD, He might thereby be more open and experimental when facing varieties of natural LSD produced by flowers "in His image," as it were.

LSD has been called an "intellectual drug" by Howard Becker, since mystics, artists, intellectuals, "hard" scientists seem to be especially attracted to this experience. Thus, Jesus could have augmented his LSD production, by eating herbs, wild honey, and other wild psychedelic flowers.

The scientific revelation of alchemic inspiration does not detract from the spiritual authority of the prophets and the saints -- nor from the majestic beauty of their timeless utterances -- it neither confirms nor denies the value of their vision. As William James said, "We judge trees by their fruits, not by their fertilizer."

But still it may be constructive to ask: --Did the Founders of our Tradition have access to, and did they use, in addition to their naturally produced LSD-like chemicals, "sacred substances" or meta-drugs, such as LSD-25? The answer is, of course, that we don't know. Our guess is: it seems very likely.

Out of Eden Man came. To Eden Man may now return. We are tempted there, to taste fruit from a tree called Life. It seems High Time the restless exile Man, who lives by the sweat of his brow, re-entered his Garden, Earth, his home; to ask again what is good, what is evil, and ask it naked and unashamed.

This time, we may "eat of the Tree of Knowledge, to fall back into the state of innocence!" Then we may eat of that other fruit (Genesis 3:22). And live in an Eternal Now. . . . God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: And now he (shall) put forth his hand, and take also of the Tree of Life, becoming as the gods, and live forever.

Rita Ashby received her A.B. in philosophy from Reed College in Portland, Oregon five years ago.

Thad Ashby received a research fellowship for study at Northwestern University, and at Middlebury College in Vermont he studied poetry and literature under Robert Frost. He has been News Editor of the Colorado Springs Telegraph.

The Ashbys received a research grant from Sandoz Corporation -- once the chief manufacturer of LSD-25 -- to study the relationship of psychedelic chemicals to creativity.

After three years of investigation, the Ashbys are now engaged in writing a book describing the results of their study. Publication is scheduled for 1967.

KRASSNER

Leery on LSD

by Hal Verb

"My ecstasy comes from the constant clash between my involvement and my detachment," Paul Krassner told BARB while he was getting ready for a tour of the Haight.

He was the guest of our companion underground paper, The Oracle, in an interview arranged by both the night before.

Someone asked him what kind of an effect the psychedelic and other revolutions would have upon American society.

"More arrests," he said. "What they'll do is arrest the blacks, the acid heads and the vagrants."

What about toppling the establishment? he was asked.

"I don't know about toppling the establishment," he replied. "I don't know if it'll happen in our life-time."

Another interrupted to say that psychedelic leader Dick Alpert estimated the "toppling" would take place in five years.

Krassner disagreed. "I'll bet on that," he said. "I'll bet my supply of acid against his supply of acid."

The discussion then boiled down to the meaning of reality, God and LSD's effect on one's consciousness. Two pleasant nuns audited.

"Look - the only ultimate truth we can say is that we're here."

About an hour later Krassner added to this definition saying that what we should say is that "we're here - now, accidentally."

Krassner expanded on his theme.

"Look - there were people who were very Christian before Christ ever lived. And there were humanists before any Humanist ever lived. People were very loving before love was even a concept."

Krassner defined what religion meant to him.

"My definition of religion is that it's a socially acceptable superstition."

"One of the real ironies of the psychedelic revolution," he explained, "is that you're not really getting away from symbols. You talk about God and you replace him with another God -- All you're doing is replacing one symbol with another set of symbols."

LSD's effect on Krassner?

"Before I took LSD - I was high on other things, so the first trip I took wasn't difficult for me.--I called my wife up to thank her for it and she didn't even know what I was talking about."

The difference between the East Coast and the West Coast?

"I get that feeling of serenity here -- I hear from people on the West Coast that they're imitating people on the East Coast and the people on the East Coast are imitating people on the West Coast."

Krassner opined that he didn't look on LSD as utopia.

"I just refuse to accept LSD as a panacea - I just can't accept it as a cure-all for society."

"Take race relations, for example," he continued. "Now there's a feeling among some LSD leaders that if you only give enough LSD to some Negro leaders that this will help things by not having Negroes aspire to middle-class American values."

"But", Krassner asked, "what happens when you give LSD to Negroes living in slum tenements with rats?"

"Do poor people groove with the rats?" he asked.

Krassner said he found both good and bad in the psychedelic revolution.

"I have all kinds of ambivalence about the psychedelic revolution -- I see it as being good in that it makes some people serene on the one hand but on the other hand I see other people being exploited by it."

Krassner was asked what kind of an influence Lenny Bruce had on him.

"Lenny was a very big influence on me," Krassner began. "The thing about him was his keeping each of us honest."

"You'd find yourself over the years checking yourself--I was influenced by that uncompromising irreverence. The straighter you are with people the more loving you are. You don't hold back. There was just that feeling of honesty."

After a pause Krassner added, "I also learned some elements of Paranoia from him."

The night before, at the Committee, he had called it "The Karate Theory of History."

"In Karate you focus on what's on the other side of the block of wood," he said.

The problem with many people, he pointed out, is that paranoia develops when you think of yourself as the focus rather than the block of wood. "That's what happened to Lenny." But then, Paul noted, the game changed and Lenny was the focus.

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Dear Editor...

"...a soldier friend..."

Dear friends of peace,

I am a student here in Berkeley from a nation in Asia. I send you this letter received via Paris from a soldier friend in Vietnam. I hope it brings peace to all peoples of the world. . .

"dear peace friend.....For five weeks our regiment has been in action. The Americans wish to live, the American infantry will call their aircraft after we fire one shot. This is not clever of them, but they will use thirty or 40 bombs to wound a comrade. We have become wise and fill our areas with guns to fire upon their craft. The American Marines are more aggressive and will pursue us for one day. They then stop and drink beer. These fighters must have beer. I have told our young fighters that if they can run from sun up to sun down the beer will save them. It is sad for working men of one country to kill working men of another country. We hate most the Korean mercenaries. Our regiment has sworn an oath that no Korean will leave our nation alive. We have found bodies after they have been taken by the scum of Asia; even our old fighters are moved to eternal revenge.

The Americans love lives. They fight just to hold or make an orderly retreat. They die too for they are men not without honor. As all fathers of children they have their honor and their brave death. One soldier was still fighting wih three comrades stabbing and clubbing. They are soldiers and their arms are working men's arms. We took three infantry on Nov. 16. They were not war criminals. One black man kept yelling curse words and words of disgust. One soldier not old cried for his wife. A skinny boy said he was a poor man and begged for Jesus. I sent them to our northern camps for class reorganization. There are some questions I must ask. Why do the American peace friends allow this war.

Our unit had to send one farmer away. He stole our rice. He died and said he was a poor man. We shot a Chinese doctor. He was with our troops in the field but he was for the Chinese not for us. The Chinese working people are for the Chinese working people. We are for our working people. Hi Kok argues that the wealth of our nation has increased with each year of war. Comrade Ho speaks for the confederation, the southern districts first as autonomous but under one family like the British with India. Then in time all will be one. It is the European party which says this is the way. As long as autonomy is assured Americans will leave. The European party says the American imperialists will accept Comrade Ho's confederation thought. Ho is old and wise. Comrade Kok argues each dead fighter feeds five young children. Our source of wealth is America. America will feed our nation only if they fight us. Comrade Kok argues unity of opposites and holds height with the scholars of our revolution. Will America feed our poor if we are red and poor and do not fight? What has America to win if we are souls a one and not with their economics. Do they feed the comrades in Burma. Our party is not of one mind. Our fighters are with Ho. It is the chairman of the Peoples supply which support Hi Kok.

peace my brother . . .
study well for they will
need wise men in our
world soon. . .

I am

Comrad _____
Peoples teachers and peoples representative
_____ Regiment

Dear Editor...

May Day?

12th Combat Support Group
APO San Francisco 96326

Dear Sirs,

I am enclosing part of the center section of our newspaper here in the Republic of Vietnam. I was thinking that you might enjoy reading the poem on page 17 by Cpl. Richard S. Gordel, Jr. I've been reading the BARB for several months now and I look forward to receiving them in the mail from my friends in Berkeley.

I hope you will find this interesting and may possibly find use for it or something else in your paper.

Sincerely yours,
Robert Eason

TO THE PROTESTORS

That's right children, it's time to play;
Burn those draft cards, throw them away.
Call your friends and have a ball;
You might play a part in your country's downfall.
There's a man over here who's taking it all in;
You might know his name, it's Ho Chi Minh.
He refers to your kind as the chosen few;
Who will someday make all his dreams come true.
Just think of the work for him you can save;
Then think of my friend who lies in his grave.
Keep talking boy, 'til the first of next May;
But also remember, I'll be home on that day.

Cpl. Richard S. Gerdel Jr.
1st Marine Div.

HIP

Max Scherr, Editor
Berkeley Barb
Berkeley U.S.A.

Re: Art Johnston, THEORY of HIP.

Theory of Hip is Shit

Hip is a Negro hustling on the streets for his daily bread.
Hip is to know how to pimp and turn prostitutes out and on.
Hip is dealing seconds stacking dice making book rolling drunks.
Hip is one hundred and one ways to play the game to get a bankroll.
Hip is graduating from juice to weed to morphine to cocaine to heroin.
Hip is hustling pool and paddys and punks and square people period.
Hip is Monk now Diz yesterday Bird-Prez-Lady Day the day before.
Hip is juice downtown or an umbrella from the heat on your beat.
Hip is a mouthpiece a fixer a bondsman who puts your beef on the books.
Hip is Santa Rita San Bruno San Quentin a few times as all part of the game.
Hip is making it with a suede chick or living off of a grey broad.
Hip is Cadillacs diamond stickpins tailormade suits and triple A shoes.
Hip is a state of voluntary unemployment as a lifelong philosophy.
Hip is not the burning but the looting of Watts and Hunters Point.
Hip is the Jazz life the fast life the sporting life the night life.
Hip is living The life all over again if you had it to do all over again.
HIP is HIP and nearly everything else is HEP including Theory of Hip. . . . . .

Candi Tabb
Hipster at Large.
December 19, 1966
Berkeley U.S.A.

Dear Editor...

To Walk Still Free

Con?

Dear Mr. Scherr:

As an authentic Dropout, I figuratively hold up my empty fingers to display a non-existent Reg Card and thereby make Legitimate my reply to your proposition concerning a Freedom March for Non-Students.

Your analysis of the arbitrary, vicious treatment of non-students by the University's externally motivated bureaucracy is correct in every detail. However, I do not agree that "the same tactics that have been used by Freedom - fighters in the South must be used on campus." The analogy is misleading because the political environments are quite different. The few gains made in the South, won at an appalling cost in human lives, were won only because a large segment of the nation, including the federal government, was either sympathetic or willing to make concessions for political expediency.

Precisely the reverse of these characteristics applies to the present situation in Berkeley. After living and working in the Los Angeles area for the last two months, I can testify that the great majority of the people of this state are presently quite unsympathetic to what they think are the problems of the students at Berkeley, let alone the problems of the non-students. Let anyone who doubts this point read the letters to the editor in the L. A. Times or even the S. F. Chronicle. Furthermore, the change in attitude and tactics of the respective administrations is equally striking. A march of non-students onto the campus would contribute to the "invasion of outside agitators" propaganda and hence would strengthen those already powerful elements in the power structure who want to nullify entirely exactly those constitutional rights which are already being seriously abrogated.

The most serious defect of the idea of the march is that it would gain nothing for us. The Reagan and Heyns administrations do not need to make any concessions to us for political expediency; on the contrary, an all-out attack on us would maximize their political advantage. And we are hardly in a position at this time to do anything but seek to gain concessions.

We must choose our own areas for struggle and always operate from a position of strength. The weakness of emphasizing the non-student issue is graphically illustrated by the direct reversal of the faculty's position on the current student demands as compared with its support of FSM two years ago. This change resulted to a large extent from the administration's constant use of the non-student issue as a weapon against the movement. After all, it was the administration and the reactionary press which shrewdly initiated the use of the term with all its connotations. In attempting to divide and conquer us, they brought the struggle into this area because they knew we would be most susceptible on these grounds.

Eventually we must move to restore the Bill of Rights for all citizens to the campus. However, the administration plans to raise this issue in the immediate future as a wedge to divide the movement and facilitate the destruction of such FSM gains as the noon rallies on Sproul Hall steps. We should not make it any easier for them. For these reasons, as a non-card-carrying non-student, I propose the tactical postponement of the Freedom March and related activity, at least until such time as our previous gains, secured through years of struggle, are not in danger of imminent destruction.

Respectfully submitted,
Kenneth Hoag

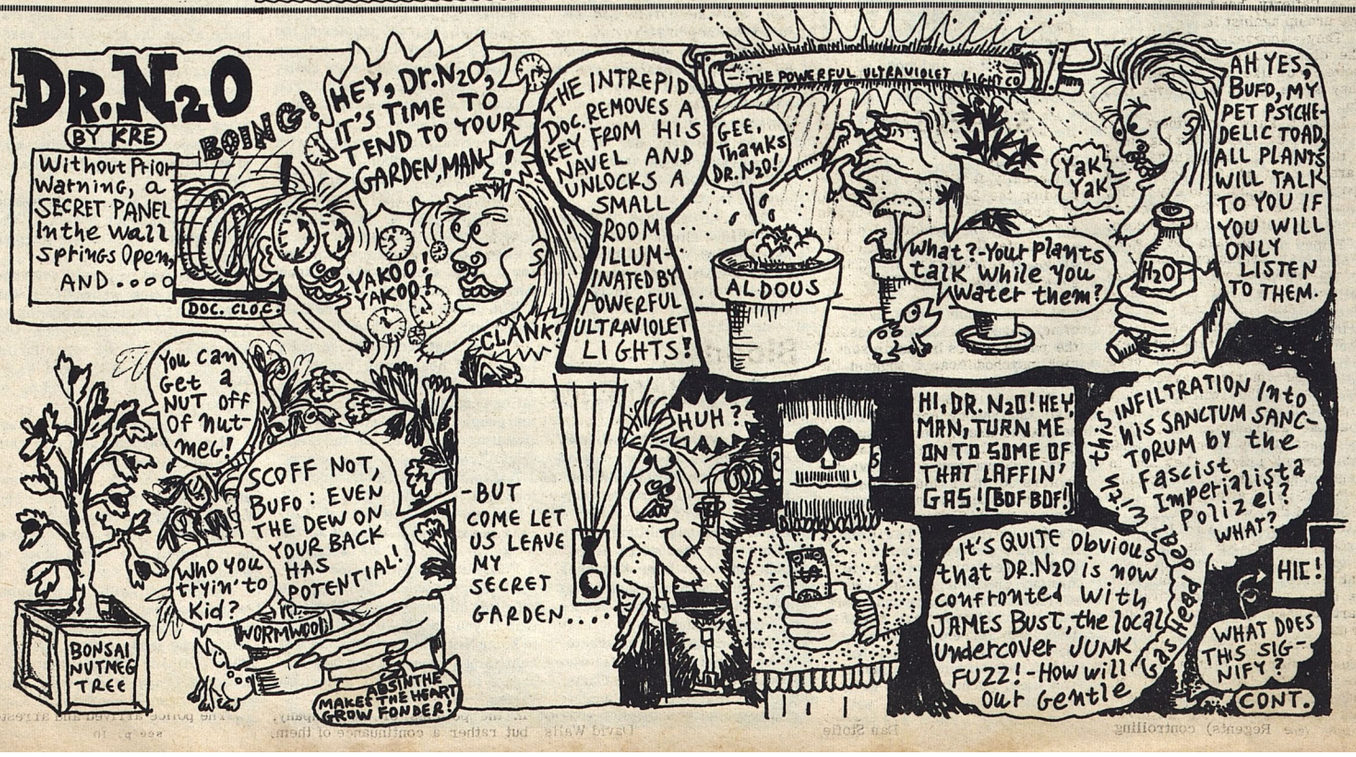
Pro

Dear Editor:

Your idea of a Freedom March is terrific, a true stroke of genius. I fully support it and would like to assist in any way that I can. I am a middle-aged graduate student at the moment, and will be registered for the coming quarter also. I can see good reasons for having only non-students in the march, but there must be other ways I can assist in moving the project along.

You surely have heard from many enthusiastic supporters. When we can join with you, let us hear from you.

William E. Cook
Berkeley


DR. N2O
BY KRE
Without Prior Watning, a SECRET PANEL in the wall springs Open, AND...
DOC. CLOSE
BOING!
HEY, DR. N2O, IT'S TIME TO TEND TO YOUR GARDEN, MAN!
YAKOO! YAKOO!
CLANK!
THE INTREPID DOC. REMOVES A KEY FROM HIS NAVEL AND UNLOCKS A SMALL ROOM ILLUMINATED BY POWERFUL ULTRAVIOLET LIGHTS!
THE POWERFUL ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT CO.
GEE, Thanks DR. N2O!
ALDOUS
Yak Yak
What?-Your Plants talk while you water them?
H2O
AH YES, BUFO, MY PET PSYCHEDELIC TOAD, ALL PLANTS WILL TALK TO YOU IF YOU WILL ONLY LISTEN TO THEM.
You can Get a NUT OFF of NUTMEG!
SCOFF NOT, BUFO: EVEN THE DEW ON YOUR BACK HAS POTENTIAL!
Who you tryin' to Kid?
MR. WORMWOOD!
BONSAI NUTMEG TREE
MAKES ABSINTHE THE HEART GROW FONDER!
-BUT COME LET US LEAVE MY SECRET GARDEN...
HUH?
HI, DR. N2O! HEY MAN, TURN ME ON TO SOME OF THAT LAFFIN' GAS! [BOF BOF!
this INFILTRATION into his SANCTUM SANCTORUM by the Fascist Imperialista Police!? WHAT?
It's QUITE Obvious that DR. N2O is now confronted with JAMES Bust, the local Undercover JUNK FUZZ! - How will our Gentle
HIC!
WHAT DOES THIS SIGNIFY?
CONT.

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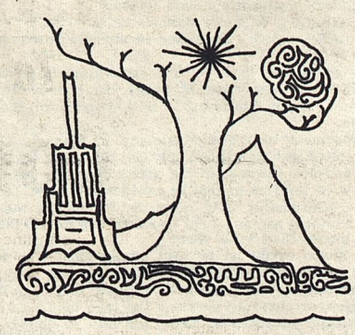
no time
no place
no mind

for it.
it is
a dark

sentence
a joke on
the wall.



island
city

one can
loose

oneself
in any

pattern
any tree

star
cloud

mountain
field

it is
the thing,
is time,

is birds
in the
window,

is bees,
flowers,
snakes :-

gardens
in the
mind.

For Shame, You Whore

Poems By Richard Denner
Drawings By Wesley Tanner

Spring---
Do not

Mistake
Me for

A flower
Or a tree.

Death
Knows

There's
Music

In the
Air.

a tree is
a word is

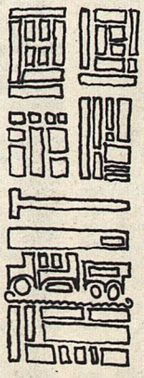
what you
make it.

no time
to think.

to dream
is to see

to the
other

side of
the tree.



nine
times
nine
times
nine
times
nine

nails
needles
trains
trees

often
times
ten

Dear Editor...

hERsEEns

Double Take

To the Barb -

This is a letter in relation to the OTHERSEENS column in the Dec. 16 BARB.

The 'opening shots' that were 'fired in California last month in a war' seems to me to have yet to be heard. We are up against it. You want to hear it talk, listen to Max Rafferty, hand and bludgeon. We are up against it.

They--whoever--will walk us to the cliff's edge, and maybe you better look like you are teetering, they shove, you step in, over they go.

I don't know who 'they' are. But you can expect the big push.

He says 'UC students have as yet barely realized the power that they possess--particularly if they stick together' yet 'they' can cut us down one and one, if they choose. And what do we have yet to avail ourselves to overthrow this?

Sometime, we will storm those jails--will we? But it seems to me the state of affairs is that serious. I want to believe we are on our way to the better--but 'they' are there. And they have the cops the law the 'American way' current tradition and they will kill if they must. Will we? We still don't know what the alternatives are. They aren't apt to stop eating our sweet guts without a fight. They are in trenches and foxholes. We are in a field. We are lovely trees in a field. And they want lumber.

We got to see--and I think through the BARB as a large determinant, I am coming to see--that we are up against it, and what we can do to gain mobility and start to untie the strings they put on us.

I say--break up the Regents School, bring the best of the good blood at Cal out to work. The thing that's been hitting me more and more is: Why are big business people (the Regents) controlling a school, university? And the answer that keeps hitting back is 'to tie up the best blood and drain us, so we are turned into business parts.'

I have seen for myself out of my friends Dave Hazelton, Mark Morris, and out of my own efforts that one person working steadily for a thing can bring about many things--worthy things--can do in the world, in our people, what wasn't there before.

Maybe there are enough of us, but there's a hell of a job facing us, and we got to look it in the ass if we want a world, and we got to have at least a fair idea what that world might look like. Bring it on. But make it.

Doug Palmer/Facino

SicSickSic

Dear BARB -

I usually feel pretty sick after reading the BARB. I have decided it must be a bad newspaper and not to read it anymore. I do not appreciate the BARB's attempts to let the reader in on what is going on in all the different scenes of the Bay Area's avante garde. You have no intelligent criticism of it, and so the only impression the paper leaves behind is sort of sick psychodelica. I suggest the BARB makes up its mind whether it wants to be a critical review (like the Sunday Ramparts) or a new scene itself. I further suggest that you can't be a critical review because you don't have the writers for it; I think you should shorten the papaer and try to make reading the BARB something exciting (or maybe warm and friendly) in itself. I do appreciate the BARB's help to Berkeley politics. Special thanks for the Strike EXTRA. Most of those personal ads in your paper are horrible. The new Berkeley Citizen is a lot worse, however. Well, this is just a friendly note to say you won't be getting my dimes anymore.

signed,
Dan Stofle

BARB Felt Out By Fearless Feltrinelli

BARB's staff was host to a distinguished dinner guest Thursday, December the 8th--Giangiacomo Feltrinelli from Milan, Italy.

We had corned beef and cabbage with potatoes served by the Staff Drudge. All ate this humble fare with relish--and a little bit of mustard.

In case you haven't looked it up in your "Who's Who" yet, Feltrinelli is the man who first published Pasternak's "Dr. Zhivago." And he was here partly in his capacity as principal non-Soviet publisher of Yebtushenko.

However, BARB can give you no inside information about Yevtushenko as a result of Feltrinelli's visit because hardly had he uttered the one word "Yevtushenko," when for a reason that may never be known, he changed the subject; and out of courtesy to his apparent wish not to pursue the subject we did not touch on it.

Feltrinelli reminded us that he was an early subscriber to BARB. And honored us by saying that he enjoyed it.

The main purpose of his visit to BARB, Feltrinelli said, was to inquire how it would be possible to establish an underground newspaper "like BARB" in Italy. He was very anxious to see such a publication started.

We felt that it had to grow from the underground rather than come from a benefactor and he agreed.

"There is an element in Italy very similar to that which supports your underground newspapers," Feltrinelli said. "But they have little experience in newspaper editing because of a law in Italy which prevents anyone under 21 from editing a newspaper."

We pointed out that enthusiasm was more important than experience in the case of an underground paper. Mr. Feltrinelli then suggested that BARB put together a prototype underground newspaper which he would translate into Italian and distribute in Italy as an example of the work that might be done.

Any volunteers?

And then . . . this week we received the following most welcome letter from our erstwhile guest:

"I am very grateful to you for the lovely evening spent with you in your house: it was one of the highlights of this trip to America.

"I enclose a check . . . to cover . . . 14 subscriptions.

"I hope to be back in Berkeley some time.

"All my best.

Yours,
(Giangiacomo Feltrinelli)"

Bloody But Unbowed

General Delivery
Verda, Kentucky 40872

Dear Barb--

Out here amidst the coal camps of "bloody Harlan" County a person gets California dreaming this season of the year.

Help out by sending me a subscription. $5 check enclosed. If you like, start it Nov. 1 and send me a couple month's back issues so I can catch up with the recent student rising, word of which has only occasionally found its way down between the ridges of the Cumberlands.

Appalachian Peoples Power Now!
David Walls

Fish Fare

Country Joe & the Fish have been signed for a one-year contract as exclusive recording artists by Vanguard records. They are the only rock band to be signed by Vanguard, a label noted for classical music and the connoisseur's market rather than popular music.

Sam Charters, Vanguard's representative at the signing, said that he expected the group to be highly significant in the development of electric music in this country, and that the recording agreement constituted no change in the policies of the company, but rather a continuance of them.

Peacemonger Freed But Retrial Set

Bill Callison was ordered to report for induction on November 17 at 7 AM -- he did -- and the Oakland Induction Center awoke to the sounds of police harassment and the impotent orders of an irate colonel.

The scene, which by now extends to a series of court trials, began at 6:40 AM when Callison and a witness, Steve Hamilton, arrived at the induction center door carrying printed leaflets headed: "Fight For What?" and telling ways to avoid induction.

Callison stood on the sidewalk outside the door, passing out leaflets. Minutes later two Oakland squad cars and a Black Maria pulled up in front of him. The police asked for his I.D., then told him no leafleting was permitted on the streets.

He disagreed.

After further hassling, the police decided he was blocking the doorway into the induction center. When Callison went inside, they took his leaflets.

Callison entered the induction room where he went from one inductee to another asking them to sign a petition which said that as draftees they did not want to fight in "this brutal war."

"None of the people being drafted showed any hostility," Callison told BARB. "Nobody defended the government or the war."

However, Callison went on, "an Army officer shouted, 'Stop that!'"

"I replied," said Callison, "that as a civilian I was not subject to military orders" and could talk to people freely.

A colonel ordered him into a side room.

He refused to go.

When several military personnel grabbed hold of him Callison protested vocally -- and loudly, so they finally dropped him on the floor. He got up and began talking to the inductees again.

The police arrived and arrested

see p. 10

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Never A Whitewash By Author Weisberg

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

by Hal Verb

Q. President Johnson held a news conference on Nov. 5 in which a reporter questioned him about "an aura of mystery" that has been raised concerning the assassination. Johnson replied that he knew "of no evidence that would in any way cause any reasonable person to have a doubt about the Warren Commission." What is your opinion of this remark by Johnson?

A. What is wrong with the existing evidence that was ignored, abused, withheld, misrepresented and destroyed? It is like the forgotten wife.

In saying he knew of "no evidence" the president set the current style of establishing an "authenticity" that has been blindly accepted by the press. In effect, what he said is, "I do not know what I am talking about but . . ."

Press Assistant Secretary Malcolm Kilduff and the assorted official unofficial, semi - official, self-appointed and even entirely amateur spokesmen for the Commission, all of whom specified that they had read none of the criticisms of the Commission and its Report, intended to read none of the criticism, couldn't stand to read any of it, evaluated the criticism on the basis of misidentified "reviews" or, in rare cases, indicated they had as much association with books like mine as the garlic wafted over the soup.

The question is not one of "new" evidence, nor is it what the President or anyone else was aware of. The official evidence in existence before the Commission went out of business, from which my books (Whitewash I & II) entirely derived, so totally killed the Report and the official investigation that we are now holding autopsies--fortunately without benefit of federal doctors.

Q. An AP story the other day quotes Jack Ruby as denying he was involved in any conspiracy when he shot Oswald in the Dallas police basement. He said that there was "nothing to hide." Doesn't this conflict with Ruby's statement to Earl Warren that he wanted to go to Washington and tell what he knew. Why the change of heart on Ruby's part?

A. Ruby himself once said there was a conspiracy, if you examine his testimony. Examination of related testimony provides grounds for believing the murder of Oswald was, in fact, premeditated.

Q. Recent news headlines indicate that the Kennedy family is trying to block publication of William Manchester's book on the assassination. Do you have any information on this? Is the Kennedy family trying to cover up something?

A. There are many really unfortunate aspects of the situation that have developed and are apparently part of Manchester's book and are receiving current public attention. To me, the one never mentioned is the important thing: that Manchester may have written the unofficial whitewash. By their legal action the Kennedys--at least to a major degree -- have dissociated themselves from Manchester's opinions and conclusions. I believe this is required by the national interest. Further, it is a courageous and painful act by Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy which reopens all the partly healed wounds most painful to her and subjects her to the emotional laceration of reliving the tragedy in public and possibly in open court.

This is not an act of suppression and I think I have had as much experience with actual suppression. Manchester is entitled to make all the mistakes he wants in his own name, but he accepted a situation in which he traded on the names of others and has already derived great profit from it. He bears a responsibility he must honor.

Q. One newspaper report claims that Manchester in his new book will say that Oswald alone assassinated the President but that only two shots were fired. The article states that "Manchester explains the third shot, the source said, by saying that Oswald already had a spent shell in his rifle before he fired at the President."

A. This newspaper story is exactly what I have been hearing from people who have read the Manchester book. Manchester, thus, adds a previously inconceivable magical power to a bullet with an already incredible history. By his accounting that bullet is already overtaxed as no missile in history and already required to have possessed an intelligence of its own, to have been a missile more precisely controlled -- and entirely self-controlled -- than anything launched at Cape Kennedy.

Q. In a recent issue of "Underground" you stated that you believed that the Cuban refugees were involved in the assassination. Would you care to expand on this?

A. In my first book, "Whitewash", I reveal what was then known of a "false Oswald," a person or persons counterfeiting the then least important of men, immediately before the assassination. He was connected both obviously and officially with Cuban refugees. In "White wash II" in the chapter the "Hoover Diversion -- or the False False Oswald" with hitherto secret FBI documents, I show that all of the central figures in this real-live James Bondery were engaged in preparations for an invasion of Cuba immediately before the assassination, including gun-running and the actual training of men in Florida.

Does this suggest three famous initials?

Free for All

The Loading Zone rhythm and blues band announced this week that it will never again perform for money. They are the only known R&B group to voluntarily reject the cash bag, a performers' path paved by the San Francisco Mime Troupe.

Manager Ron Barnett told BARB the Loading Zone will blow in the park during weekends when the Berkeley Provos dish out free food. They begin this Sunday, he said.

Friday night they will appear in Pauley Ballroom on the UC campus for a Camp Cazadero benefit.

Manager Barnett said he could be reached at 658-3698.

Answering Manne, Man

by Frank Kofsky

My, my. Such vituperation! Such spleen!!

I refer, naturally, to Shelly Manne's letter in the 9 December 1966 Berkeley BARB, which I happened to stumble across at a friend's house.

Leaving aside the issue of my motivation in writing about the music, which in any case is byond the bounds of proof, Manne raises three basic questions; I will dispose of them as briefly as possible.

1. Employment of Black Musicians in Manne's Group. In my column I stated that Manne had only had two black musicians, Leroy Vinnegar and Joe Gordon, in his group over the last ten or twelve years. Now he informs us that he asked saxophonist Teddy Edwards to join -- presumably only Edwards, for Manne would otherwise mention additional names -- but that Edwards turned the offer down. Fine; this brings the total to three (or four, if you credit an as yet unverified report in Down Beat that Manne intends to hire pianist Hampton Hawes, currently working the Village Vanguard in New York. I willingly concede my error on this point. The question remains, however, whether this make Manne the ardent integrationist he wishes to appear? I'm afraid you'll have to answer that one for yourself. All I know is that the percentage of black artists working for, say, Dave Brubeck in the corresponding period has been at least as high, if not higher.

2. Employment of LOCAL Black Musicians at Manne's Club. This is the heart of the matter, the real nitty-gritty issue, since Manne can obviously hire far more musicians (of either race) for his club than he can for his quintet.

With considerable disingenuousness Manne writes: "In the course of a year more Negro than white musicians are employed at the 'Manne Hole' " (his club). Absolutely true--and absolutely irrelevant. In fact, Manne would be an imbecile, and his club would have folded long ago, were this not the case; yet this has nothing to do with the charge against him that I levied.

Some explanation is in order. During the course of a year, Manne hires two kinds of groups: the out-of-town "name" group and the local but lesser known band. It is the former that make the money for him, as is immediately apparent if you ever go in the club when the local talent is at work. Since the biggest draws among the out-of-town bands are, with a few exceptions (Stan Getz, Brubeck, Bill Evans) black-led groups -- for example, Miles Davis, Horace Silver, John Coltrane, Archie Shepp, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and so on -- of course Manne employs more of them overall than he does whites. For this he deserves all the credit that is due any businessmen who stocks those commodities that the public wants to buy.

What I was concerned with, on the other hand, was Manne's employment policy with respect to LOCAL groups. Here Manne has more or less carte blanche, for none of the local small bands attract much of an audience (though some of the big bands do). It follows that if you want to know the true nature of Manne's biases (or lack of them), you will focus, as I did, specifically on his local hiring preferences. I can't claim that I've got this calculated down to the last decimal place, but my estimate, based on driving past his club on the average of once a week ever since 1961, is that about 80 percent of the local groups that work there are white -- which does not, in case you're wondering, represent anything like an accurate racial picture of the Los Angeles jazz scene. But by all means don't take this on my say so. All you need do to check me out is pull in off the street some Fairfax High graduate (there are plenty of them still around Berkeley, I'm sure) who happens to be a jazz hippy and ask him; I'm not too worried that I'll be shown up false.

3. Employment of Black Musicians in the Studios. On this score (forget the pun!) Manne attempts another bit of sleight-of-hand. I stated that there are like six Negroes working the movie, TV, and recording studios, and he comes back that there are 14. If tokenism implemented with 14 Negroes is more acceptable to you than tokenism implemented with six, then he's right and I', wrong--it's as simple as that. If, in contrast, you are concerned with the systematic exclusion of all but a fortunate handful of qualified black artists from this lucrative source of employment, then Manne's answer will not satisfy you any more than it does me. In any event, I have written a much longer column on this subject for the Los Angeles Free Press, ("Reply to an Open Letter" (I)) and the editors of the BARB are at liberty to reprint it if they think the subject of sufficient interest.

Finally, a remark to Chris Strachwitz. Perhaps it's true Chris, that, as you state, I have "very little understanding of the economics and business aspect of the music world." If so, it is largely because people who, like yourself, are conversant with conditions in the "music business" refuse to supply me with hard and fast facts when I request them. When, for example, Ornette Coleman maintained (in the course of an interview published in Liberator) that he wasn't receiving royalty checks due him from his early recordings, I tried to verify this by obtaining figures from the

see p. 10

catch 8½

By G.K.

"In reference to a man's knowledge of the world, Mikhoels liked to note that in the Bible the verb 'to know' meant both to understand the relationships of things and to become intimate with a woman" (from 'Shakespeare: Time and Conscience,' by Grigori Kozintsev).

Mikhoels was "one of the greatest Hamlets of all time" (ibid) who "disappeared during the Stalin period". Kozintsev is the director of the prize-winning Soviet film, Hamlet.

All this is to introduce "The Love Book" by Lenore Kandel, published anonymously in the first edition but now that all the fuss is upon us we find the publisher is none other than Jeff Berner, the commissar of inner-space, for he has his imprint all over it. (Note: Ramparts Magazine refused to print "MacBird" at first but now that all the fuss is upon us, they finally broke down and published a cut version of it).

In Miss Kandel's book, there are 125 lines of verse; it would be difficult to find ten lines of poetry in the whole lot (read Walt Whitman, his 'Calamus' section, to see what I mean).

Her main hangup is this: she confuses physical awareness with intellectual awareness (the usual LSD/Pot hangup), for if a good fuck means a good poem, then where are all our poets?

"To become intimate with a woman" is to know her - but do you, really? This is where the poets are (did Hamlet ever know his mother?) and this is where Miss Kandel ain't. G.K.

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Coop Elections Fierce

from page 3

agreement with the boycotters' aims does not constitute "urging" boycott of the Co-op.

Attorney Robert Treuhaft, the only incumbent not nominated by the Board's nominating committee, pointed out that Co-op General Manager Eugene Mannila asked him to meet with the boycotting group of Co-op members, which he did.

"I persuaded the boycotters to have their press conference at Safeway, which was the real target," Treuhaft said.

On the subject of "harassment," Ray Thompson said, "The present Board has received many justified criticisms from individual members and by petition. We're not creating these issues. If this constructive criticism is harassment, then we don't agree with them on the definition of harassment."

BARB asked Board Chairman Little what "special interests" had been given priority over consumer values.

"Civil rights, for one," he said, "and other political activities in the community for another. I do not think anyone should join the Board to promote civil rights, unions, or any other special interest, but should join for the Co-op and for the consumer."

He emphasized that cooperation is the best yardstick for measuring candidates for the Co-op Board of Directors.

Duga and Thompson stated that civil rights issues have taken up none of the Board's time this year.

Treuhaft said, "If we wanted to endorse a statement saying, 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' they would vote 'no' from fear that it would serve a special interest."

Both sides of the contest accuse the other of spreading "half-truths," "misinformation," and "vituperation."

Jeffery Cohelan is listed as a member of the Committee for Co-operation. Cohelan is the U.S. Congressman who ran from Bob Scheer in the latest Democratic Primary.

Guess Who CNP is For !

The Community for New Politics steering committee has endorsed Larry Duga, Ray Thompson, and Robert Treuhaft for the Co-op Board of Directors.

A recommendation released this week states that Duga, Thompson and Treuhaft have "consistently supported efforts to make Co-op policy benefit the consumers, and to build the kind of community that the Co-op has claimed to represent."

The Berkeley Women for Peace and the East Bay Friends of SNCC previously endorsed the same three candidates.

Balloting began Monday and ends January 20.

UC Blind Students Left Hanging

"Well, we're hanging on a string again," Judy Wilkinson said this week.

Judy is president of the blind students' group on the UC campus. For three weeks BARB has been reporting her frustrated continual attempts to get a hint of a decision from University administrators.

The problem is that the blind students' study building, T-22, will be in the way of University construction, about to begin -- and the blind students have as yet been unable to find out what facilities will be provided for them.

"They asked me to keep calling every day, because the man who's supposed to be in isn't," Judy told BARB.

The latest postponement in building gives the blind students a month to stay in their present study location. Earthmoving equipment will begin chewing in February.

'Free Frame' Smashed

Last Wednesday M.F. Elvan, city building inspector, and a couple of his assistants broke up the huge frame that leaned against the former six-car garage at 1766 Page St. They nailed the pieces across the entrance.

A day earlier Elvan, the landlord, and a cop showed up at the Diggers' Free Frame and told the people inside that they were going to board up the place "tomorrow."

As the detail was leaving, a hammer struck out in anger and frustration.

Shelves were toppled. A temporary wall was knocked down. The front door was ripped from its hinges.

A salvage crew carted away things that could be used again, as the wreckers turned the insides to a shambles.

Late Tuesday night one of the few intact remnants lay laughing on the former serving counter.

It was a copy of the Congressional Record from September 16.

Around dinner time Wednesday night, two hungry people who had just arrived in town approached the ". . . place where we can get something to eat?" and read a beige notice pasted on the boarded up front door:

"WARNING OF VIOLATION"

To owner & occupant 1766 Page: Viol. of Sec. 601 & 82 of SFHC. Using garage for living purposes -- No proper light, ventilation, sanitary facilities, etc.

(signed) MF. Elvan, INSPECTOR

"Beggars" Case Heard By Peers

The Gargoyle Singers -- a melodic tangent from the Mime Troupe -- will plead their "begging" case before 12 of their peers next month.

Judge Joseph P. Kennedy last week refused to grant them 10 individual jury trials for their alleged violation of San Francisco statute 647.C -- no begging.

Attorney Richard Hodge is reported to be angling his case on the constitutional issue of free speech.

The Gargoyles were busted for singing Christmas carols and collecting donations on December 16 in North Beach.

When they joined the Agricultural Labor Support Committee picket line in front of Macy's last week, a ready-reserve unit of cops was rushed to the scene.

The five men and five women of the group appear in such disguises as "medical leper," "ex-Atlantic City hoofer in Cossack attire," and "Kodiak bear with wild tail."

Diggers Whale

from page 3

teased.

As Rochford himself confirmed, Hamilton Methodist has been a dying congregation in recent years.

What better surprise could the pastor and sexton and regular congregation offer the Diggers and their band than to invite them to use Hamilton's kitchen facilities to continue their free meal policy now that the Free Frame of Reference has been shut down by the city (see story p.9).

In Rochford's own words: "What is a church if it doesn't speak to its neighborhood?"

Jeane Dixon, the much-publicized psychic, has predicted that the next thirty years will see the end of "the two-party system as we know it." My own feeling is that the last four or five years already have.

I remember my own deep apprehension before the '64 elections, and how they were not based on fear that Barry would be elected, (let alone on any presciences of what LBJ would bring on), but on the feel that things suddenly were new and alarmingly different.

It was no longer the old friendly-penny-ante game between ins and outs, but a grim for-keeps game between pushy power groups. No longer the old harmless if non-benificent Tweedledum and Tweedledee, but the frightening choice between two evils. You didn't vote to keep Johnson in, you voted to keep Goldwater out.

It's very true, Hannah Arendt, that "he who chooses between two evils soon forgets that he chose evil." You tend to imagine ideal situations, as a philosopher should. In real life you often have to make that choice or not choose, which means letting things run their course, which means letting the greater evil win the pot.

I can picture a 1968 in which we have either to elect Romney of Big Business or settle for four more years of LBJ. What's the lesser evil? Romney comes on mildly antiwar, Johnson put through Medicare. Two evils, both somewhat qualified, to vote for. Where's the good to choose instead?

I respect Jeane Dixon, and defer to her judgment in some areas. She probably knows who will be nominated, and elected, in '68. But I'm a bit of a psychic myself. I know that things will get worse regardless.

In my old militant days, I did my share of wishing for American political parties that Stood For Something. I would have welcomed a party of the Right if it could only be balanced off with a Party of the Left. The latter, I was sure, would far outdraw the other in public favor. Now I dunno. You notice that Rafferty, Reagan, and others have made a very good thing out of muzzling up to the New Right. And you note that nobody is courting the New Left.

What is to be done? I'm not sure that anything can. Of course, some will reply that what the situation calls for is plainly the Revolution. But I doubt that a revolution is even practically feasible any more. Let alone that, in a developed industrial country, it's possible for any revolution to have any real effect on the culture any more. I guess we're just stuck with it.

R.R.

FUB Cooked-?

The Inspectors are after FUB again. It was predictable. Since their inception, Free Universities throughout the country have been hounded by officials zealously reciting chapter and verse from city code-books.

Free University of Berkeley is the current object of such attentions. The Housing Inspector orders them to close their office within a week unless they install fireproofing. The cost: $2500.

Last April the Inspectors made them move from their Telegraph Avenue offices. In December 1965 the Inspectors made them move from their Dana Street offices.

"Previous experience indicates that the same difficulties would follow us to new premises," FUB member told BARB.

The Free University of New York has had similar problems.

Berkeley's Free University has decided to stand or fall on their present location.

To end this chase around Berkeley, FUB spokeswomen Zoe Isom and Beverly Andrae ask for financial help so FUB can make a final successful stand.

Although FUB's planning continues, a Free University worker emphasized the urgency of raising the $2500 required to call off the Inspectors. "The community will have to come to our aid," he said.

If not. . .

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Alan Deinstag & Al Edler
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Deans of satire and mimicry
-- fun act
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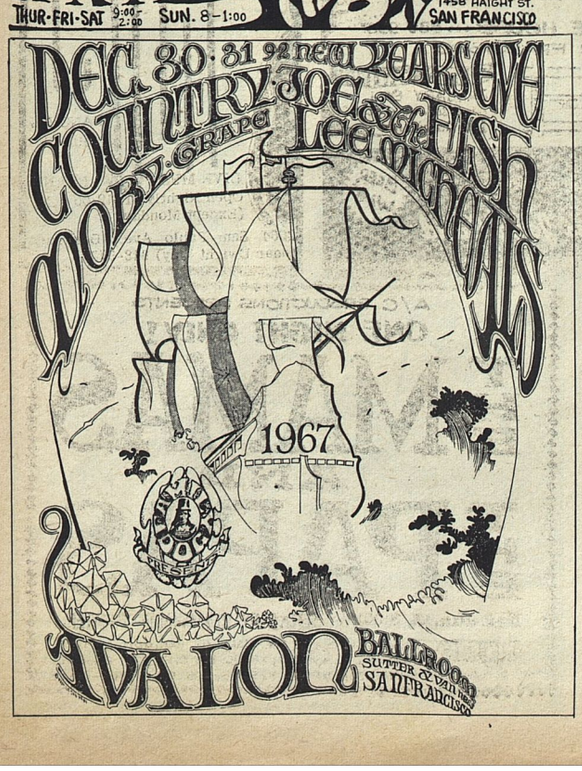
1458 HAIGHT ST. SAN FRANCISCO
THUR-FRI-SAT 9:00-2:00 SUN. 8-1:00



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$2.50 general, $1.50 students
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Monday: HOOT
Tues., Wed., & Thur. ROBBIE BASHO
at the JABBERWOCK
2901 TELEGRAPH, BERKELEY
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Army Base Hi-Jackers Still Free

OAKLAND (UPS) - Forty tons of parcel post was stolen a week before Christmas from the emergency post office at the Oakland Army Base, BARB learned this week.

The packages, made up mostly of transistor radios, tv's, toasters, electric shavers, etc., were segregated at the OAB, and forty tons of the mail was loaded on a trailer for San Francisco.

It never got there.

The regular driver claimed he never picked up his load. It is felt that a thief, posing as the driver, simply walked up to the truck-trailer and drove it off to the fences.

The FBI, Postal Inspectors, Oakland Police, Military Police, the CIA, and whatnot, are still looking for the forty tons of toasters. You won't read this in your local police gazette.

Peacemonger Freed But Retrial Set

from page 7

him for disturbing the peace.

Callison, an organizer of the successful Richmond rent strike (see BARB Aug. & Sept. 1966 issues) and active in the May 2nd movement of 1965, told BARB that he leafleted "because no one seemed to know his rights. And people seem to think they're devoid of their rights as soon as they're called to report for induction."

Callison explained that during his early December trial he defended himself, by taking the position that the colonel and his militia "had no right to suspend Constitutional rights while conducting the induction."

The trial resulted in a hung jury which Callison felt "seemed symptomatic of the mounting displeasure with the war."

Although it is rare to re-try a minor misdemeanor, the DA has again brought charges against Callison. He will be tried on January 4 at the Oakland - Piedmont Municipal Court. Callison told BARB he will use the same line of defense as before. -BMS

Medics Seek War on Ills, Not on Viets

Next Thursday members of the Bay Area's medical profession will gather at the UC Medical Center in San Francisco to demonstrate their opposition to the war in Viet Nam.

The medicos have a hook in their protest.

Their proposal in urging an end to the war suggests that the money now being accumulated in the war chest be used to improve medical education and research.

They also urge the expansion of clinic facilities.

Organizers of this medical protest express the hope that their cries will reach the ears of the President who has recently came to include doctors among his closest advisors.

For more information phone 922-3400, ext. 471.

Kofsky Bites Manne

from page 8

president of Contemporary Records, Les Koenig -- but to no avail. Even Bernard Stollman, of ESP, who makes a big thing about throwing open his books at the drop of a drumstick, was either unable or unwilling to supply me with any firm figures regarding unit costs, profit margins, and the like, though I spent a couple of hours in his office. (In Bernard's defense I have to add that his vagueness may have been due to inefficiency; judging from my correspondence with ESP, it is one of the most fucked-up corporations ever to draw up a balance sheet--if indeed it has even done that yet!)

What I am getting at, therefore, Chris, is that if there is to be any understanding of "the economics and business aspect of the music world," the data for that understanding is going to have to come from you -- the capitalist entrepreneur -- not from me. If you're not willing to advance it, then you forfeit the privilege of criticizing those of us benighted authors who, according to you, write out of ignorance. Do you read me?

FREE--special booklist for men sexually interested in teen-age boys. Layton Press, Box 150B, Cooper Sta., NYC.

ORGIASTIC ritualists (Tantric, Gnostic, Dionysian, etc. and other serious devotees of exotic and esoteric religious practices. Write SPE, Box 9221, Berkeley, Calif. 94719.

WANTED, Phone calls from anybody interested in talking to a kind gentle fellow. 848-8739.

KATHLEEN KITTLE, I know I'm drunk tonight, but I know I want to see you. Call me or meet me at Berkeley Inn Sun. 10:00 pm.

GENTLE, VITAL, highly creative man would love to be contacted by unpossessive, sensual woman. Write Box 9132, North Berkeley Station.

TRUTH with a capital A: where are you now? Conversations of love shouldn't end there. Pls. call.

WANTED--Rock & Vlues drum instruction. NO STRAITS, please. OL4-1046.

"I support the greatest opportunity for free expression of opinion in all CO-OP meetings and specifically support the continuation of the public forum tables. . ."

Ray Thompson, Candidate for CO-OP Board of Directors.

Voting begins December 27th.

SHY but enthusiastic and energetic guy, late thirties, loves to groove at light show rock dances, would like to hear from girl interested in swinging with me at same any Fri, sat, sun. Please call Jake, 321-4702, eves. 6-8.

LOCAL rock band needs mgr. OL4-1046 or 548-0118.

ZIG-ZAG MAN PENDANTS, Open Head Tambourines at 2 STEPS UP, 2439 Haste Street

Join air travel club, then fly (with plane -- Europe $265, Tokyo $250. Rt. from Oakland 524-5209.

Yamaha 125cc elec. starter $200, Ludwig drum set, Zildjan cymbals $350. 2108 Stuart, Apt. 8.

COMPETENT CARPENTERS--All manners of imaginative designing & BUILDING, Call 549-1791 eves.

MAYBE TOMORROW, rock &blues band for parties, dances, happenings. NON-UNION cheap. OL4-1046 or 548-0118.

SHERRY FORMER WAITRESS AT THE BITTER LEMON IN MEMPHIS I lost your address. Please write me. John Fahey Box 2403 Santa Monica.

BARB needs photographers and dark room volunteers. 841-9470.

URGENT! Couple needs inexpensive apt. with studio or work area near CCAC by Jan. 15. $70 max. 832-7192.

FIVE hippy young ladies ages 6, 6, 6, & 4 need one more of same to join them in Summerhillian révels before & after school one block from Whittier School. Daddy's Doctorate Sitting Service Th 1-1148. Licensed. $.50/hour An equal opportunity sitter.

WANTED: Tutor in Scot's Gaelic. Prefer native. 254-5161 LON Solomon at 1601 Milvia tel TH1-1724 can write poetry, draw mandalas and relate from NY.

interested in unique gut-level, weekend-group interaction experience (non-chemical, non-sexual, non-church) that can change your feelings about yourself, about others, & about life? Write 2154 Blake, Berkeley, 94704. Enclose address.

EXTRA MONEY AVAILABLE. Vend BARBS. 841-9470.

WANTED stereo record player - 522-5134

FOR SALE - DeArmond Guitar microphone pickup. Never used, was $35 new, sell for $25 or best offer. Call Tom. . . . 526-2341

GIRL wanted to share large 2-bdrm apt. with 1 male 653-0187

READ "Lyndon and the Acid Heads". Copy free. Seattle Group 1815 - 18th Avenue, Seattle, Washington 98122

LON Solomon at 1601 Milvia tel. TH 1-1724 can write poetry, draw mandalas, and relate from N.Y.

MAN WANTS female to share furnished apt. 848-6552

adadadadadadadadad

All ads in this section must be paid in advance to the Berkeley BARB. Deadline is Wednesday noon.
The cost is 50 cents per line or part-line. There is a two-line minimum.
Figure 30 units per line. Each letter, punctuation mark, space, or symbol counts as 1 unit.
(Figure 27 units per line for each line which includes a word in CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Please print your ad clearly in the spaces provided below.

My ad is ____ lines to be run ____ weeks; I enclose $____.

Name: _____
Address: _____
_____ Phone: _____

Berkeley BARB
2421 Oregon Street
Berkeley, California 94705
841-9470

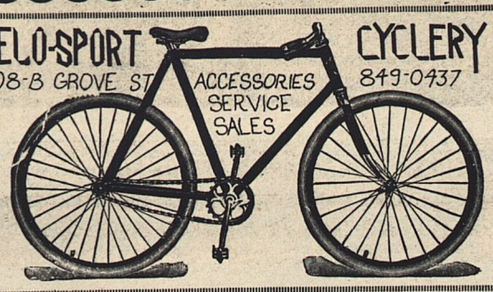
CO-OP FLEA MARKET
University Ave. Co-op Center
SUNDAY-JAN. 8th
Phone GL 1-9759 FOR SPACE OR INFO
OR JAN. 15, IF IT RAINS

Philip Schletter, O.D.
Specializing in Contact Lenses
Complete Eye Care
3031 Telegraph — #230 Berkeley
Diagonally Opposite Co-op
By Appointment
849-2202
526-4466

DICK JOHNSON INSURANCE
THornwall 5-3941
1503 Shattuck Avenue

Tepping realty co.
1667 SHATTUCK AVE., BERK.
10751 SAN PABLO AVE., EL CER.
TH 3.5353 LA 6.5353

VELO-SPORT CYCLERY
1708-B GROVE ST 849-0437
ACCESSORIES SERVICE SALES



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Organic Foods
We're experienced in caring for special dietary needs of health seekers. The gourmet is delighted with the unmatched flavours. Hours: 11 am - 6 pm daily. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Wednesdays until 7:30 pm. Closed Sundays and Mondays. Post card request brings free inventory list.
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PRINT MINT is now situated in 2 locations: 2476 telegraph in berkeley; and the NEW STORE: in san francisco: 1542 HAIGHT St.
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the PRINT MINT

Cody's
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Member of the Better Business Bureau
WE HAVE PEOPLE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BAY WHO WANT TO MEET YOU AND GO TO YOUR PARTIES. THIS IS NOT A LONELY HEARTS CLUB, IT'S FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO HAVE FUN AND MAKE NEW FRIENDS. GIRLS ARE LISTED FREE OF CHARGE. WE ALSO HAVE WHAT IS CALLED THE PARTY BUREAU. THIS IS A FREE SERVICE FOR OUR MEMBERS AND WE INVITE YOU TO LIST YOUR EVENTS WITH US. WE WILL PUT YOU IN TOUCH WITH THE PEOPLE YOU'LL NEED TO MAKE YOUR EVENT A SUCCESS.
and you can phone any day of the week till 9 pm at 569-0758

ARTIST VILLAGE
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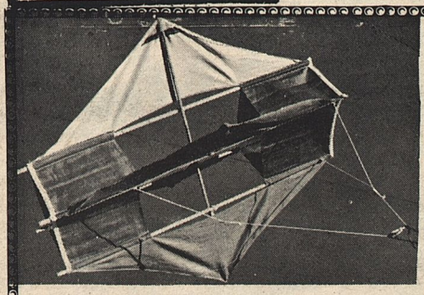

Fly High with a Cloth Kite

In Berkeley: Playthings, 1749 Solano, and The Workshop, 2011 Blake St. In San Francisco: Schubert's Toy Square, 2135 Union, and The Phoenix, 1377 Haight St. In Los Angeles: Headquarters, 1144 Westwood Blvd. Wholesale inquiries write Underground Products, P.O. Box 5123, Berkeley.

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THE BLUES PROJECT: PROJECTIONS Five men who made a musical revolution at the Cafe au Go Go make it happen again—but big! The new sound, the *now* sound of "the most incandescent" group on the American scene. FT/FTS-3008

DAVE VAN RONK: NO DIRTY NAMES
But no punches pulled, either! A lusty collection that runs the gamut from *One Meatball* to the biting protest of Kurt Weill's *Alabama Song*. FT/FTS-3009

RICHIE HAVENS: MIXED BAG
Poet. Painter. And singer of today's new awareness. That's Richie Havens—the man who made the news at Newport. An important debut album. FT/FTS-3006

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The Scenedrome

FRIDAY . . . . . (December 30)

CONCERT/DANCE: Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, Quicksilver Mess. Service; Fillmore; SF, 9-2, $2.50, spons. Bill Graham.
CONCERT/DANCE: Country Joe & the Fish, Moby Grape, Lee Michaels; Avalon, Sutter & Van Ness, SF, 9pm, $2.50, spons. Family Dog.
FOLK: Smoky Grass Boys, bluegrass; Cedar Alley Coffeehouse, 40 Cedar Alley, SF, 9pm, $1.50, info 885-9987.
OTHER FOLK: see CONTINUING.
OTHER DRAMA: see CONTINUING.
FOLKDANCE: see CONTINUING, verify during vacations.
MEDITATE: see CONTINUING.
FOOD: free, SF & Bkly, see CONTINUING.
DANCE/WORKSHOP: see CONTINUING.
VIGIL: see CONTINUING.
BALLET: Nutcracker; SF Opera House, 2:30 pm, adm, SF Ballet Box, 673-1050.
DRAMA: Ionesco's Bald Soprano; Bkly, Playhouse, 2974 College, Bkly, 8:30 pm, $2 (students $1.50) info 848-9571.
FILMS: Straight-Ashbury Viewing Soc shows local films; 1748 Haight, SF, 8 pm, membership $3, single adm, $1 at door, info 387-3303, days.
DRAMA: Pitschell Players in Lyndon's Banes; 120 Julian, SF, 9 pm, $1 (& coffee is 5¢), info 664-2148.
DRAMA/DANCE: A A Leath Takes You Topless; Intersection, 150 Ellis, SF, 8:30 pm, $2.50 (students $1.50), info 781-8545.
OTHER DRAMA: see CONTINUING.
FOLKDANCE: see CONTINUING, verify during vacations.
MEDITATE: see CONTINUING
FOOD: free, SF & Bkly, see CONTINUING.
DANCE/WORKSHOP: free, see CONTINUING.
VIGIL: see CONTINUING.
FOLK: John Fahey, guitar; Jabberwock, 2901 Tele, Bkly, 9 pm, $1.50 (couples $2.50), info 845-9619.
NON-EVENT: Cin Psychedelica/Bkly Cinematheque on vacation.
FOLK: Smoky Grass Boys, bluegrass; Cedar Alley Coffee House, SF, evng, $1, info 885-9987.

SATURDAY . . . . (December 31)

CONCERT - PLUS - DANCE: SF Symph Night in Old Vienna (all-Strauss program), plus dance (ballrm & other): Opera House, SF, 9-2, $2.50, info 397-0717, days.
CONCERT/DANCE: Country Joe, others, see Dec. 30.
CONCERT/DANCE: Jeff. Airplane, others, see Dec. 30, note new time & price 9pm-9am (inc. breakfast), $5.
PARTY: Artists' & Models' Ball; Intersection, 150 Ellis, SF, $1.50, costumes required.
PARTY: w/Afro-Blue Percussion, also Ulysses Crockett; Tito's, 2504 San Pablo, Bkly, 9-2, $1.25, prsntd Bkly Perf Arts.
FOLK: Smoky Grass, see Dec. 30.
FOLK: John Fahey, see Dec. 30.
OTHER FOLK: see CONTINUING.
DRAMA: see CONTINUING.
FOLKDANCE: see CONTINUING, verify during vacations.
MEDITATE; see CONTINUING.
FOOD: free, SF & Bkly, see CONTINUING.
OTHER VIGIL: see CONTINUING.
CONCERT/DANCE: Loading Zone; 2353 Prospect, Bkly, 9:30-1:30, free, info 848-9235.
PUPPETS: Winnie the Pooh & his friends; Bkly Playhouse, 2974 College, Bkly, 2:30pm, 75¢ (children 50¢), info 848-9571.
CHAMPAGNE PREVIEW: Durrenmatt's "The Physicists," Playhouse Repertory Theatre, 8:30 pm. res. 775-4426. Beach & Hyde, S.F.
VIGIL: Quaker's, to express sorrow at Vietnam war; Oakl Mem Plaza, 14th & San Pablo, 12-1 pm.
DRAMA: Durrenmatt's Physicists; Playhouse, SF, 8:30 pm, $3 (students $2), info 775-4426.

SUNDAY . . . . (January 1)

HOOT: Cedar Alley, 40 Cedar Alley, SF, 9pm, info 885-9987, 771-1062.
FOLK: John Fahey, see Dec. 30.
OTHER FOLK: see CONTINUING.
DRAMA: see CONTINUING.
FOLKDANCE: see CONTINUING, verify during vacations.
FOOD: free, SF & Bkly, see CONTINUING.
VIGIL: see CONTINUING.
PUPPETS: see Dec. 31.
HOOT: I/Thou, 1736 Haight, SF, 8-12 pm, free, info 386-9860.
ROCK: see CONTINUING.
FOLKDANCE: see CONTINUING, verify during vacations.
MEDITATE: see CONTINUING.
FOOD: free, SF & Bkly, see CONTINUING.
VIGIL: see CONTINUING.
FOLK: Robbie Basho, guitar; Jabberwock, Bkly, 9:30 pm, $1, info 845-9619.
CO - COUNSELING; 1730 Grove, Bkly, 7:30 pm, info 845-1992.

MONDAY . . . . (January 2)

FOLK: The New Folk 5; Cedar Alley Coffee House, 40 Cedar Alley, SF, 9pm, $1.
FOLKDANCE: see CONTINUING, verify during Vacations.
VIGIL: see CONTINUING.
THEATRE/LAB: Workshop Open to all cond. Norman Sturgis; 678 Green, SF, 8:30 pm, $1, info. JU6-8558.
JAZZ: open jam session; Cedar Alley Coffee House, SF, 9 pm, free, info 771-1062, 885-9987.
DRAW: with live models; Intersection, 150 Ellis, SF, 8-10 pm, $1.25, info 781-8545.
DRAMA: see CONTINUING.
ROCK: see CONTINUING.
MEETINGS: see CONTINUING.
FOLKDANCE: see CONTINUING, verify during vacations.
MEDITATE: see CONTINUING.
FOOD: free, SF & Bkly, see CONTINUING.
VIGIL: see CONTINUING

NOTICE — Scenedrome final deadline: Tuesday 10 p.m. Please include description, time, price, and a phone number — so we can verify. 841-9470

CLASS: Classic mime-pantomime & improvisation, by Jeanne Milligan; 924 Howard (3rd floor), SF, 10-12 am, $2.50, open to all, info 421-1984.
FOOD: free, SF & Bkly, see CONTINUING.
HOOT: Jabberwock, 2901 Tele, Bkly, 9 pm, 75¢, info 845-9619.
MEETING: EBSFL Horny Men's Circle, 922 - 60th, Oakl, 9 pm, verify 654-0316 M-F 4-6 pm.
MEDITATE: Zen; 2919 Fulton, Bkly, 5:45-6 am, all welcome.

TUESDAY . . . (January 3)

CLASS: Yoga; Memorial Hall, 26-7th, SF, 7:30 pm, $1, info, rides from Bkly, 527-3028.
FOLK: Robbie Basho, guitarist; Jabberwock, Bkly, 9:30pm, adm, info 843-9619.
FOLK: The New Folk 5, see Jan. 2.
PLAYREAD: EBSFL reads Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf?; 474 McAuley, Bkly, 8pm, info 654-0316, M-F 4-6pm.
CONCERT: SF Symphony, w/Zino Francescatti, violinist plays Schreiber, Brahms, also Dvorak (5th); Opera House, SF, 8:30 pm, adm, Sherman Clay Box.
PUPPETS: Salzburg Marionette Theatre in Magic Flute; Nourse Aud, 275 Hayes, SF, 8:30pm, $3 - 4.50 (children $.50 less).
PREGNANT/; Test available; SF 7:30 - 9:30 pm, info 552-0743 before 8:30 am or after 9:30 pm, or PO Box 608, SF.

WEDNESDAY . . (January 4)

FOLK: Robbie Basho, see Jan. 3.
LECTURE: Han Suyin (author A Many Splendored Thing) on South East Asia; Bkly Comm Th, Grove & Allston, 8pm, $1 (students 75¢), ASUC Box, info 849-3020, spons, Women for Peace.
PUPPETS: see Jan. 3, note new times & prices 2:30pm ($2.50-$3.75) & 8:30pm ($3-4.50) -- 2 shows.
CONCERT: Oakl Symph Orch in An Evening w/Henry Mancini; Alameda Co. Coliseum Arena, Oakl, 8:30pm, $2-10, info 834-5454.
THEATRE: Rehearsal in progress; director Paul Donett; Intersection, 150 Ellis, SF, 8 pm, $1, info 781-8545.
THEATRE/LAB: Workshop open to all, conducted by Norman Sturgis; Cedar Alley Coffee House, SF, 8:30 pm, 75¢, info JU 6-8558.
CLASS: A Workshop on the Kennedy Assassination, w/Hal Verb; SF State (Exprmntl) College, #HLL 102, 7-10 pm, free, info 567-5534.
MEETING: To select nominees for Bkly Mayor, City Council, School Board; CNP, 2214 Grove, Bkly, 8 pm, info 549-0690.

THURSDAY . . . (January 5)

FOLK: Robbie Basho, see Jan. 3.
CONCERT: SF Symph, note new time 2pm.
PUPPETS: see Jan. 3, note new times & prices 8:30pm ($3-4.50).
DRAMA: see CONTINUING.
ROCK: see CONTINUING
FOLKDANCE: see CONTINUING, verify during vacations
FOOD: free, SF & Bkly, see CONTINUING.
VIGIL: see CONTINUING.
WORKSHOP: Folk & blues, Tangent, 117 University, Palo Alto, 8:30-12, 75¢, info 365-4104.
CO-COUNSELING: 514 Mission, SF, 7 pm, info 397-6917.
FILMS: Kenneth Anger's new "Sacred Mushroom Edition" of "Pleasure Dome," UC, Pauley Ballroom, call student union for details.

FRIDAY . . . . . (January 6)

PUPPETS: see Jan. 3.
DRAMA: AA Leath, see Dec. 30.
DRAMA: Pitschell Players, see Dec. 30.
CONCERT: SF Symph, see Jan. 3.
CONCERT: George Buelow & Maria Stoesser, duo-pianists, play Schubert, Ravel, Mozart, Brahms, others; Hertz, campus, 8:30pm, $2 (students $1), ASUC Box.
CONCERT: Oakl. Symph Chorus & Chamber Chorus play music of Britten, Brahms, Schutz, others; Interstake Center Aud, 4780 Lincoln, Oakl, 8:30pm, free.
NON-EVENT: No Cin/Psyche-delica, Bkly Cinematheque.
CONCERT: by an electronic chamber "Orkustra"; Cedar Alley, 40 Cedar Alley, SF, 9:30 pm, $1.25.
DRAMA: Physicists, see Dec. 31.
FOLK: Smokey Grass Boys; Jabberwock, 2901 Tele, Bkly, 9:30pm, $1.50 (couples $2.50), info 845-9619.
FILM: Thief of Bagdad; Walnut Creek Civic Arts Theatre, 8:30pm, $2, info 935-3300 X 65.
FILMS: St. Ashbury, see Dec. 30.
FOLKDANCE (SF): 427 S Van Ness SF, 8pm, Mon-Sat; Greek w/John Pappas (Mon); Balkan w/Isaacs & Skow (Tues); International w/Bob Sacks, NYC (Wed), Israeli (Thurs), Greek w/Bogdis (Fri), Armenian & Near Eastern w/Skow & Arakeil (Sat); $1.25 evening.

CONTINUING

FOLK: Stan Wilson, also Danny Cox; 4th Dimension, 1335 Grant, SF, 9, 10:15, 12:30 am (3 shows), under $1, info 397-2250, 924-2989 nightly Tues-Sun thru Dec 31.
DRAMA: Wizard of Oz; Circle Star Theatre, San Carlos, Dec 20-Jan 1, 2:30 pm (except Mondays and Dec 27), plus extra 11 am perfs Dec 22-3, 28, 30-1, $1-2, info 434-2460, 369-4876.
VIGIL: Port Chicago anti-war watch, info, rides 228-7707.
FOLKDANCE(Berkeley): Fridays: Hearst lawn, campus, 12-1pm, free no teaching, also Fridays at 220 Hearst, campus, 8-12pm, free, no teaching; Saturdays: Isreali, at Hillel, Bancroft above College, 7:30 pm, 50¢, no teaching; Mondays: 220 Hearst, campus, 8-12 pm free, with teaching; Wednesdays: Isreali, Hillel (see above), 7:30-11 pm, 50¢ (members free), teaching with Ruth Browns 7:30-9pm; Thursdays: square dance, Plymouth House, Dana at Durant, 8pm, 50¢, live caller, refreshments, also (folkdance) at International House, Piedmont at Bancroft, Berkeley, 8-12pm (teaching 8-10), 35¢.
FREE FOOD (Berkeley): Bkly Provos; Civic Center Park, opp. City Hall, 4pm, bring bowl & spoon, info 848-9358.
FREE FOOD (SF): Diggers; Panhandle, Oak at Ashbury, SF, 4 pm, bring bowl & spoon.
MEETING: Wednesdays -- 7th Step Foundation discusses staying free with imprisoned soon-to-be-ex-convicts; San Quentin Prison, 7 pm, prison clearance necess 1 wk ahead 532-3588.
DANCE/WORKSHOP: Fridays, w/Bill Couser; Intersection, 150 Ellis, SF, 3-4:30 pm, free, no experience necess, info 781-8545.
CLASSES IN MEDITATION: by Eknath Easwaran: Blue Mtn. Center of Meditation, 285 Lee St, Oakl, 8 pm, 4 days weekly, donations accepted, topics: The Upanishads (Fri), Yoga Sutras of Patanjal (Sat), Bhagavad Gita (Tues), Teachings of the Buddha (Wed.)
AUDITIONS: SF Boys Chorus (open to boys 8-12 yrs); info 333 Franklin St, SF, phone 431-5450 (for Jan 14 auditions).

ART

-- Nicole Hollander, prints & collages; Artist Village Gallery, 2377 Shattuck, Bkly, m-Sat 10-7, info 843-7102, thru Dec. 30.
-- George O'Connell, Helen Bregger, Jeryl Parker, prints; Ahrendes Wright Gallery, 3054 Tele, Bkly, m-Su 1-7 pm, info 848-2190, thru Jan 21.
-- Philippine Weaving & wood script; Lowrie Mus of Anthro, Kroeber, campus, M-Su 10-5, thru Feb 14.
-- 65 Picasso's; Bank of Calif, 2223 Shattuck, Bkly, M-F 10-3, thru Jan 20.
-- Arnold Henderson, photos, also Lou Ray, woodblocks & etchings; 10th Muse Bkshop/Gallery, 900 Noe, SF, M-F, 7:30-9:30 pm, Sat 1-6, info 826-1225, thru Dec. 31.
-- Photographical history of Beatlemania, Eric Weill, photographer; pot luck, 2400 San Pablo, Bkly, M-F 11:30-2:30, 5:15-10 pm, Sat-Sun 5:15-12 p.m., info 841-2894.
-- Tyler Hoare, paintings, constructions; SF Art Center, 425 14th M-Sat 1-5 pm, info 431-9034, thru Dec. 31.
-- SALE: paintings, sculpture under $50; Brickwall (1652 Shattuck) & Corkwall (1550 Shattuck) Galleries, Bkly, M-Sat 10 am-6 pm, thru Jan 6.
-- The Jail; CCAC Gallery, Broadway & College, Oakl, M-Sat 11-5. Jan. 5-20. info OL 3-8118.

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